

An illustration of a man in a military uniform, including a blue peaked cap and a khaki tunic with a dark tie and belt. He is saluting with his right hand towards a large, dark, mechanical arm that dominates the left side of the frame. The background shows a landscape with a biplane on the ground and a cloudy sky.

The Australian

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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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## I CAN'T GET SERVED!

INOFFENSIVE ATTITUDE AND  
CAREFULLY STUDIED TACTICS  
DO NO GOOD AT THE COUNTER

By JEANNE MULLINS.

I am the world's worst getting-served. The word is coined. You know what I mean. I can never get served quickly.

It's not my fault. I swear my attitude is inoffensive and my approach perfect. In the beginning, that is.

I LEAVE my husband on the kerb with a confident "Won't be a moment. Just wait here." I feel this confidence is good psychologically.

I walk purposefully into the shop and take my place in the third row from the counter. By skilful manipulation I work to the front.

The method is really very simple. I mark out a fat woman who is getting her change, and guilelessly slip behind her.

It's a distinct advantage to be slim in these moments. An unobtrusive snake-like wriggle

is the best technique, much less likely to lead to trouble than a jab with the elbow.

As she sways out to the left I swing edgewise in to the right. Of course, sometimes she swings to the right, too, but that is only unfortunate.

But when I have finally wormed myself into a front position and placed my basket down on the ledge, my strategic genius completely deserts me.

If I decide to join the queue toward the girl on the left, the man she serves just before me turns out to have brought the week-end orders from his

wife, the Woman Next Door, and Mrs. Jones in the Top Flat. Foolishly I desert my side and veer to the right.

I speculate meanwhile on why queues aren't instituted at all shops. They could have little signs, I decide, with "Form queue here, please."

A queue, when you come to think of it, is positively soothing. You can read the paper in it, do crossword puzzles, or better still give yourself over to one of those relaxation of the mind treatments.

The girl on the right then decides to go to lunch.

After a nerve-racking fluctuation between going back to the girl on the left or taking up a new position at the next counter, the proprietor himself fills the breach directly before me.

Who hesitates—

I PREPARE to speak in the well-modulated tones that go with my spring suit. A hearty voice behind me shouts, "Half a loaf, George," and my chance is gone again.

I keep muttering my order to myself so as to have it pat when I'm finally asked: "Half a pound of ham and a bottle of pickles, half-a-pound-of-ham-and—"

A girl floats up. "Being served" she taunts, and takes a sixpence and a carton some ingenious soul is holding out. Actually I have tried this myself. But I am always left holding the things in mid-air till my wrist drops off.

Ah, me! I fall into a bitter reflection of other embarrassing things

always happening to me, on the occasions when I proffer a pound note for something.

The salesgirl always eyes it suspiciously, then dashes off to wrap things, or check another's docket, or any mortal thing except take my wretched pound.

I put it down on the counter and watch anxiously as a sudden breeze springs up.

I move something on the counter to hold it down, and another assistant whirls up and whisks the object back to its rightful shelf.

The original girl comes back, and, holding out her hand as if she thinks I intend to get away without paying, says: "One and six, please." I pick up the spurned pound.

"Anything smaller?" she snaps. I crush the offending note back in the purse and dig out a two-shilling piece.

The note is in peril. I fumble with it and try to extend the florin at the same time. It immediately falls down between the glass partitions of the counter!

In the middle of these thoughts the proprietor returns and bellows, "Madam!" I start violently, and then to my horror hear my voice saying, "Arl a pounder 'am."

In the following confusion the phone behind the counter rings and my man leaves me to answer it. I heave a deep sigh.

It all proves what I have long suspected. I am not a forceful type. I would rate nowhere in one of those quizzes which works out for you whether you are the execu-

WHEN you are one of the customers in a situation like this you need presence of mind, otherwise you'll get lost in the race.

tive kind of person who could rise to heights in the business world.

Then I become aware that a tweed sleeve is in my basket and a hand is taking a banana. I follow the sleeve up to the face I have lived with for years.

"Hullo," it says, "what's the hold-up?"

The little woman crumples. "I can't get served," I whisper miserably.

At this point three girls flock—yes, "flock" is the word—up to him and say, "Yes, sir?" in soprano, mezzo, and contralto.

He says, "Er—now, let me see..." They giggle delightedly and wait with open mouths. "What do we want, darling?" he goes on gaily, peering down at me.

The Andrew Sisters shriek melodiously. "Half a pound of ham," I reply with hauteur, "and a bottle of pickles."

"Ah, yes," he draws, hugely pleased with himself.

"That'll be half a pound of ham, girls, and a bottle of pickles." They all about with mirth and positively tear off to do his bidding.

The produce in the basket, we walk out, my profile coldly averted. He opens the door and looks back at the smallest Andrew Sister. I march straight ahead and bury the proud profile in the stomach of the man coming in.

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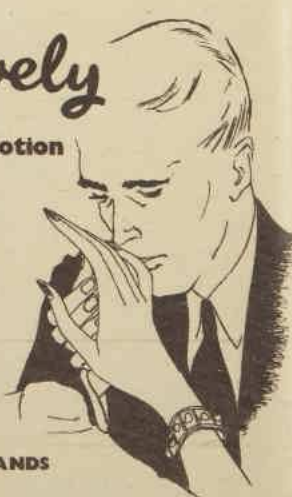
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FOR SOFT  
Kissable HANDS





# SPECIAL DUTY

By Australian author  
M. W. WHITE

THE train had stopped now and Lyn was conscious of the rapid beating of her heart. Already a few passengers were trickling through the barrier, but the majority were still congregated round their luggage on the platform. She pressed closer to the picket fence.

Several airmen mingling with the crowd she noticed, but Matt was not among them. Perhaps he was still in the carriage; it would be like him to be last out. The words of his telegram still burnt in her brain—"Arriving home Monday. Have something important to discuss."

She had little doubt what the "something important" would be. Matt Trober had apparently decided to marry without waiting for the war to end, which hitherto had been the reason for their prolonged engagement.

The platform was suddenly empty. Only the wisps of steam from the engine and a few unclaimed luggage trunks remained. She felt a peculiar dryness in her throat, as if she were a child who had just had a lolly snatched from her. Naturally he was detained on account of his duty, she thought, trying to stamp out the feeling of perplexity that was creeping into her mind; but then, he could have at least sent a wire.

She turned to go, and found herself gazing into the sun-tanned face of a tall Air Force pilot. His eyes sparkled into a smile.

"Are you Miss Warren?" He spoke loudly, with a slight drawl.

She stared blankly at him, surprised by the suddenness of his approach.

"Were you expecting Squadron-Leader Trober on this train?" he continued, obviously amused at her dumbfounded expression.

There was a brief silence. "Y-yes, I'm Lyn Warren," she said, trying to keep the tremor out of her voice.

"I'm Ken Martin," he said. "Trober asked me to apologise for his absence. He was unexpectedly prevented from leaving at the last minute. A telegram would probably not have reached you in time, so he asked me to make the necessary explanation."

Lyn was amazed at his self-confidence. He seemed perfectly at ease. She made a desperate effort to be equally so.

"Matt didn't say when he'd be down, did he?" Martin gave a gentle shrug of his shoulders.

"No, but I'd say it would be two to three days before he's free again." Then, seeing her look of dismay, he added, "I know it's tough getting a let-down like this, but these things are inevitable sometimes."

She smiled and nodded. "I understand," she said, and prepared to leave.

"Do you have to go immediately, Miss Warren?" Ken asked.

"It's almost twelve, and I hate dining alone. I know where there's a marvellous place where meat rationing and a wartime menu have never been heard of." He was watching her hopefully.

"If that's an invitation to lunch, Mr. Martin, you sorely tempt me. An hour's wait on a railway station makes your suggestion most attractive. Show me this—this place where war has not touched."

He grinned and nodded towards the exit.

"Follow me, and I will show you all. Incidentally, you can drop the 'Mr.' from now on—friends just call me 'Ken.'"

"I think that could be arranged," she said, laughingly, "and you could call me Lyn—but only out of ear-shot of your squadron-leader. He may not approve of it."

"Lyn it is," he said finally. "You can sit home and darn socks another day."

They lunched at a small cafe, and talked mainly of themselves. She asked him about Matt, but he knew little of him, although they had occasionally spoken to one another in the mess. Ken was new to the squadron.

She told him little about herself, except that she had known Matt all her life, and that their families had been close friends for decades, regarding their engagement as something inevitable.

He told her about a girl-friend he had had back in his home town. He'd met her at a picnic, and developed a schoolboy infatuation for her. She married the local schoolteacher while he was away training. His casual comment on it made Lyn feel oddly pleased.

They purposely let the luncheon spread out to two hours. She found his loud laugh and lively conversation pleasing. And the tuft of dark hair that had fallen over his right temple gave him an air of devilment.

He took her home, glancing admiringly at the house and spacious lawns.

"A real home, isn't it?" he said, nodding to it.

Lyn turned and gazed at it affectionately. "Yes, it's big and old, too," she murmured. "It's like an old member of the family. I've lived in it all my life, and love it."

"It's a lucky house, then," Ken said quietly. "It must have been nice knowing you all that time."

Lyn looked at him sharply, but he was staring vacantly ahead.

**It was a nice change to escort a beautiful girl instead of a bomber.**



petrol would be more faithful, so we'll have to go by train.

Lyn looked at him steadily, and then laughed. "All right then, eight it is."

The "Top Hat" cabaret vibrated to the din of a jazz band.

Lyn and Ken sat overlooking the orchestra from behind a screen of tropical ferns. The atmosphere was warm, and Lyn's face flushed from the exertion of the last dance, contrasting admirably with the whiteness of her evening dress.

"You're positively radiant to-night, Lyn," Ken said, suddenly. "I thought you were the limit in loveliness when I first saw you, but honestly to-night you are."

"Flatterer," she interrupted. "It's the music making you romantic."

He smiled wistfully, and said: "It makes me get all twisted up inside when I see you sitting there, and then realise you're not for me."

Lyn pressed a finger to her lips. "Remember, you said you were on 'special duty' for Matt—an escort only."

Ken nodded. "You're right, I guess I did overstep my mark for a moment."

"Let's dance. They're playing a jazz waltz," she whispered, taking his hand.

"You dance well, Ken," Lyn said, as they moved into the strains of "Sleepy Lagoon."

"It's easy to dance well when you have a good partner," he returned, "especially a lovely one."

She could feel his eyes on her.

"What's Matt like as a leader. Do his men like him?" She spoke quickly to break the awkward silence that suddenly hung between them.

"As a pilot, he's one of the best. The boys have a lot of respect for him."

"I can't imagine him flying a fighter. He's so quiet and—and so unlike what one generally imagines a fighter pilot to be."

Ken grinned. "I didn't know we had to be of a particular make-up."

"Well, one usually expects to find them bursting with life, and all that sort of thing. You're nearer to what I picture them as. Matt is nothing like you. He's so serious. So methodical and correct with everything he does. He never seems to let himself get away from formalities. Never does anything without thinking of the effect of it on other people."

Please turn to  
page 4

"I'm down on six days' rec. leave, you know," he continued.

"How nice. I can imagine how glad you must be to have a break from duty."

He turned and faced her, grinning broadly.

"It's going to be an awfully dull leave if I go back without seeing you again."

She felt her face burning.

"I couldn't, Ken," she said slowly. "Haven't you forgotten about Matt—our engagement?"

His eyes were twinkling.

"Of course not. I'm only doing a duty for a fellow-pilot. Trober wouldn't mind me acting as an escort while he's away. 'Special duty,' shall we call it?"

"It's not only that, it's—"

"I know. You're thinking that the folks around here will think it strange. Tell them you're entertaining a friend of Trober's, which will be quite truthful."

"It sounds rather weak, doesn't it?"

"Weak, perhaps; but reasonable. Lots of people entertain servicemen on leave, these days."

"You're making it difficult, Ken."

"Then you'll come?"

She looked at him solemnly. "I know I shouldn't, but—"

"Make it the 'Top Hat' to-morrow night. I'll call for you at eight. I've no car, or perhaps no

**"We couldn't possibly walk to your home in this rain, we'd be drenched," Ken said, with a rueful smile.**



**P**OSSIBLY that's why he's a squadron-leader and I'm only an P.O." Ken remarked. "Besides, he's seen more action than I have. Didn't he get his D.F.C. in England during the Battle of Britain? Things like that are liable to sober anyone up."

"He's always been the same—even before the war," Lyn protested. "He was like a little boy who needed looking after. If things didn't turn out for the best, he became despondent. Perhaps that is one reason why I am going to marry him. He needs somebody, and I understand him better than most people."

"Haven't you forgotten something that usually goes along with marriage? A little thing called love."

"Of course, I haven't. Only Matt and I are not actually new acquaintances. I've seen him almost every day of my life. It's only natural that we don't have any of that thrilling, romantic nonsense about our engagement. We are temperamentally suited, and that is important."

"Sounds awfully dull to me," Ken said, shaking his head.

The dance came to an end, and they made their way back to the table.

"I've just been wondering how it was that you knew who I was when you met me at the station yesterday. You seemed rather certain that it was me," Lyn said when they were seated.

Ken grinned and eyed her thoughtfully for a moment.

"Now you mention it, I was rather sure of myself, wasn't I? But perhaps it was because I saw your photo on Matt's locker a number of times before I met you. I stumbled on it by accident while I was getting some mosaics from the files. He apparently likes to keep you all to himself—don't blame him either."

Lyn was silent. He noticed that she was nervously plucking at her handkerchief.

His eyes were sparkling, looking down at her. Bother him, she thought, why does he have to keep looking at me like that? If he only knew how it made me feel—as if I'm going to miss something very precious.

"I think we ought to leave now, Ken," she said quickly. "It is getting late."

He picked up her wrap and put it over her shoulders.

"Where to now, m'lady?" he said, his face close to hers.

Lyn was disturbingly conscious of his nearness.

"Home, of course," she answered.

"Home!" he repeated with a melodramatic air. "Did my ears deceive

me, or did I hear you utter the word 'Home'?"

Lyn laughed. "Certainly, I told James to wait up for me. I must be home early to put the cat out. He always sits patiently on the mat till I come home," she replied mischievously. He chuckled and took her arm. "Home it is, then."

When they left the train it was raining. As cabs were unheard of in that locality after midnight, the railway waiting-room offered the only shelter.

"May as well make yourself comfortable. That rain looks as though it's set in," Ken said, starting out at the steady drizzle.

Lyn grimaced up at the sky, and gave a shiver.

"It is bad, isn't it?"

He drew her nearer.

"Not much use standing while there's a seat," he said, nodding at a long form against the wall. They moved over and settled down.

"What time is it?" Lyn stifled a yawn. "I can hardly keep awake."

Ken looked at his watch.

"Three o'clock," he whispered, dropping his arm round her and drawing her down to his shoulder. "You'd better sleep. We couldn't possibly walk to your home in this rain, we'd be drenched. I'll wake you when it stops."

He smiled down at her. "You're lovely," he murmured, and brushed her forehead with his lips.

**K**EN woke with a start. The sun had risen over the distant hill, filling the damp waiting-room with warmth. The rain had gone; only scattered puddles showed how heavy it had been. He looked down at Lyn. She was still sleeping, a wisp of brown hair straggled across her face. He brushed it aside and gave her a gentle shake.

"I say, there. It's time to wake up."

She looked up, rubbed her eyes, and yawned sleepily; then with a jerk she sat up and stared dumbfounded at the ray of sunlight that streamed in through the open doorway.

"It's morning," she gasped.

"Looks that way," Ken said with a grin.

"Then—then I've been here all night." She stared at him as though unable to believe it. Suddenly her hand rose sharply to her mouth, and she started to laugh, "and with you, too."

## Special Duty

Continued from page 3

"Your powers of deduction are amazing, Miss Warren," he said as they stood up, "but just how do you intend explaining this to your father?"

Lyn looked at him, and his eyes met hers.

"He'll probably be furious, but I don't care—it was fun." Then, with a wrinkle of her nose. "Your shoulder is a good pillow."

His hand went out and drew her nearer.

"It's yours for keeps if you'll have it." Then he kissed her. For a long while she clung to him, her head buried against his chest.

"It's no use, Ken dear," she whispered. "It won't work out. There's Matt, we can't ignore how it would affect him. He'd take it badly, much worse than you think—I know."

His arms tightened round her.

"I love you, Lyn. I can't let you go. It wouldn't be fair to either of us."

"Please, you don't understand. If I broke our engagement he'd never get over it. I know him too well."

"You love me, don't you?"

She nodded, avoiding his eyes.

"If you marry him feeling this way, it will be sacrificing the happiness of two people for one. We must face him and tell him how we feel about one another. It will hurt him, but it's the only way."

For a minute she stood there silent, then with a wistful smile, she looked up.

"I wonder what father will say?"

Mr. Warren met them on the steps at the house. His face was drawn. It was obvious that Lyn's absence had upset him.

"Where have you been, Lyn?" His relief was pathetic. "Miss Cleats found your bed unmade in this morning. We thought something had happened to you."

"I'm sorry, Daddy darling, but we were caught in the storm last night. We couldn't walk home in it, so Ken and I took shelter in the railway waiting-room. We must have fallen asleep."

Mr. Warren cast a curious glance at Ken standing there in his crushed uniform, but said nothing.

"Matt's waiting in the library. He arrived about twenty minutes ago. I don't say anything about your absence in case he worried. He still thinks you're asleep."

"Matt here?" she spoke in a whisper.

Ken moved closer.

"We'll see this out together," he said. Lyn shook her head.

"No, Ken, I'd rather see him alone. It would be easier for both of us."

He nodded and let go her hand.

She found Matt standing by the big sun window, his hands behind his back in his favorite posture. He turned as she entered the room and greeted her with his usual nod.

"Good morning, Lyn," he said pleasantly. "I hope I haven't dragged you out of bed."

"Not at all, Matt. It's a beautiful morning—everyone should be out in it."

There was a silence. He looked down at the carpet, and then as if decided on something he raised his eyes and looked at her steadily.

"You got my wire saying I had something to tell you?"

Lyn nodded.

"It came last Saturday." Her mouth felt suddenly dry. He is going to suggest we get married, she thought. I mustn't let him; it'll be worse then.

"Matt." She almost shouted the name in case he spoke first.

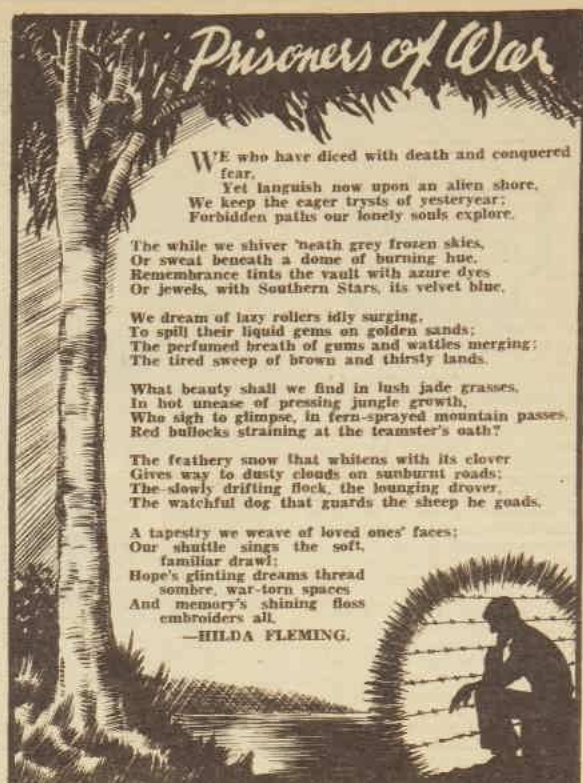
"Yes, Lyn," he said, startled by her sudden outburst.

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WE who have died with death and conquered fear,  
Yet languish now upon an alien shore,  
We keep the eager trysts of yesteryear;  
Forbidden paths our lonely souls explore.

The while we shiver 'neath grey frozen skies,  
Or sweat beneath a dome of burning hue,  
Remembrance tints the vault with azure dyes  
Or jewels, with Southern Stars, its velvet blue.

We dream of lazy rollers idly surging,  
To spill their liquid gems on golden sands;  
The perfumed breath of gums and wattles merging;  
The tired sweep of brown and thirsty lands.

What beauty shall we find in lush jade grasses,  
In hot unceasing pressing jungle growth,  
Who sigh to glimpse, in fern-sprayed mountain passes,  
Red bullocks straining at the teamster's oath?

The feathery snow that whitens with its clover  
Gives way to dusty clouds on sunburnt roads;  
The slowly drifting flock, the lounging drover,  
The watchful dog that guards the sheep he goads.

A tapestry we weave of loved ones' faces;  
Our shuttle sings the soft,  
familiar drawl:

Hope's glinting dreams thread  
sombre, war-torn spaces  
And memory's shining floss  
embroiders all.

—HILDA FLEMING.

She began to shake. It was going to be cruel telling him like this, but it had to be done now, afterwards would be too late.

"I've something to tell you," she whispered awkwardly.

He coughed nervously.

"—er, I had something to tell you, too."

"I must tell you this first," Lyn insisted hastily. "I can't marry you, Matt. I'm in love with someone else. A member of your squadron—Ken Martin."

It was out now. She felt herself sway, and leant against the table. Oh, why did it have to be like this; why didn't he let her break it to him gently. It was brutal. He was staring at her in amazement, his mouth slightly open.

"You're breaking our engagement," he spoke half to himself.

Lyn moved toward him and laid her hand against his arm.

"I'm sorry, terribly sorry, but it was the only way I could tell you."

To her astonishment Matt started to laugh.

"I can hardly believe it," he said. "I came down here to ask you exactly the same thing. You see, I've been in love with another woman for over a year. I hated the idea of telling you, and kept putting it off. However, I decided to tell you this week and be done with it. My conscience was getting me down; but it looks as though you beat me to it."

It was Lyn who registered amazement now. Then with a joyous cry she threw her arms round his neck.

"Matt, you old blue-beard," she laughed. "I should be mad at you, but right now I'm so happy I want to cry."

"Tell me one thing," he asked. "How did Martin succeed in two days when I had known you all your life?"

Lyn's eyes wandered dreamily to the window.

"Special duty," she whispered.

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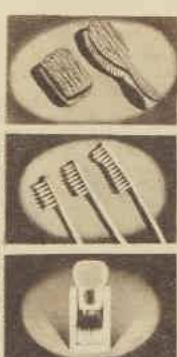
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**N**OW you look at murder," continued the inspector discursively. "A certain type of house is apt to have a certain type of homicide happen in it. Take a run-down, respectable street of brownstones like this one. Ten to one any crime that happens along here will be cut to a pattern, sort of conventional, musty."

"Yes, sir," agreed the uniformed driver, peering at the house numbers. He brought the big limousine to a smooth stop at the kerb and opened the door.

Inspector Piper went up the steps of the brownstone house with a dignified briskness, entering a door held open by a strapping patrolman who saluted and indicated the steep, narrow stair down the hall. "Third floor, sir."

The inspector wrinkled his nose at the musty smell of the old house, the reek of ancient cabbage, mothballs, and dust and tobacco, which were now mingled with a sharper, more acrid odor. Powder, eh? So this was a shooting. That made it simpler yet.

He was on the first landing when a door be-

## TO DIE IN THE DARK

By ...  
**Stuart Palmer**



"I'm afraid I've shot a hole in your ceiling," said the schoolteacher calmly.

yond suddenly opened and a plainclothes man came out, one hand firmly gripping the round elbow of a tall dark girl with magnificently large eyes. "Morning, inspector," the detective greeted him cheerily. "Remember me? I'm Castle."

"G'morning," said Piper, and would have gone on up the stair. But the dark girl suddenly jerked away from her guard and flung herself upon him. "Inspector! You've got to listen to me! Make them stop! Make them let me go! I don't know anything about this terrible thing, honestly I don't..."

The wide, terrified eyes blazed into Oscar Piper's, somehow both desperate and alluring. He turned and looked questioningly at the detective.

Castle said quickly: "She's the dead man's secretary, Miss Morna Dewey." He managed to accent the word "secretary" so that it became derisive, subtly humorous.

"You'll have your chance to talk later, Miss Dewey," said the inspector, and went on up the stair. But he could feel the dark eyes burning into the back of his neck as he went.

A stocky young man in glasses was standing on the third floor landing. Piper frowned, and remembered him. "Hello, sergeant."

"Lieutenant!" corrected the younger man. "Lieut. Harold Branch, sir."

"Oh, yes, I remember. You just got the boost. You in charge?"

Branch nodded. "It's my first case, and it's a corker. See for yourself. He's in there." He coughed. "We haven't touched a thing, except that, and Dr. Bloom looked at him."

Piper went in through the indicated door and found himself in a man's bedroom which had been decorated with Spartan simplicity. There were only the bare essentials of bed, bureau, chair, and rug. Beneath the two high windows fronting on the street had been set up a rough workbench, littered with melted wax, glue, scraps of leather and small, delicate tools which appeared to be the type used in book-binding.

Beside the bench was sprawled the body of a thin, young-old man in his fifties, clad in silk pyjamas and dressing-gown. The inspector looked closer, and saw that a large calibre slug had made a neat entrance over the right cheekbone, and a remarkably messy exit in the rear of the skull.

He turned away. "Well, lieutenant, what of it?"

The younger man was watching him, eagerly. "Here's the details." He whipped out a notebook and began reading: "Name is Charles Portland, semi-retired rare book dealer. Lived in this house since he bought it 18 years ago. Body discovered by the housekeeper, Mrs. Mattie Marple, when she brought up his breakfast tray at 8 o'clock. Door locked, but she climbed up on a chair and peeped through the fanlight..."

**A**T that moment a uniformed policeman came up to ask if the inspector would step into the library before he left. One of the suspects insisted on seeing him. Piper nodded vaguely, and then turned back to the lieutenant.

"Just what is so odd about this business that you have to bring me into it?" he demanded. "We're short-handed down town, with half our best men in the Army. I don't see why you have to yell for help on your first case."

"But the door was locked!" Lieut. Branch repeated. "And the only known key was found in the pocket of the victim's dressing-gown."

"All right, so it's suicide, and we can all go home," said the inspector, turning away. Then he stopped, at the look on Branch's face.

"Yes, inspector. But—but Dr. Bloom says he died instantly some time between midnight and 3 a.m. He said—"

"Listen, young man. The medical examiner's report, and the ballistics report on the gun, will be on my desk in the morning, as a simple matter of routine..."

"Yes, sir. But there's one thing you won't have on your desk in the morning. There was no gun in the room."

"No gun?"

"Not a trace of it. We found a 45 shell case on the floor, and the slug flattened itself against the wall over there. But no gun."

A low whistle escaped from the inspector's lips. "Well, now! It could be..."

He was suddenly interrupted by the uniformed officer again, who

said that if convenient Sgt. Castle would very much like to have the inspector come downstairs and speak to one of the suspects right away.

"Later!" snapped Piper, turning back to the lieutenant. "No way the gun could have got out of the room?"

"Those windows were locked tight," Branch said. "No gun got out of this room without somebody carried it in his little hot hand."

The inspector sighed, and nodded wearily. Another of those locked room things. "Who else was in the house last night?"

"Nobody," said Lieut. Branch. "I mean, nobody but the murderer. The housekeeper goes home after dinner. We picked up a dame who claims to be the secretary, only if you ask me she's strictly gael bait, when she came to work this morning. There's a nephew name of Sam Portland used to live here before he went in the Army, only after he got kicked out of the Service he had a fight with the old man and has been camping down in the village somewhere. We got an alarm out for him now."

"What more do you want, then?" Piper demanded.

"Wait, inspector. The nephew's a suspect all right, but we got a better one. A dame who's been cataloguing the library for a couple of days, name of Mrs. Fitzsimmons. Claims she's sent by the insurance company that's got a policy on the books, only there's something phony about her. She admits she's only worked for the company a few days, and the address she gave is a vacant lot on 135th Avenue."

"I think," decided the inspector quietly, "that I might enjoy a little talk with Mrs. Fitzsimmons."

It was, as things turned out, a bad guess. For as he entered the second floor library in which the

three feminine suspects were being held, he suddenly stopped short. It appeared almost as if he intended to beat a hasty retreat, but it was too late.

Three women rose as one to greet him, but he had no eyes for the fat housekeeper with the straggly hair, nor for the lovely willowy brunette. He saw only the accusing face of an angular maiden schoolteacher wearing a hat which resembled a bon voyage basket.

"Oscar!" cried Miss Hildegarde Withers. "It's about time!"

The inspector recovered himself with hibernian quickness. "If it isn't my old friend Mrs. Fitzsimmons!" he said. He turned to the perspiring sergeant. "I believe I'll question this suspect alone," he decided. "Bring her upstairs."

A moment later they were locked in a bedroom on the upper floor. "I don't see what's so funny!" the maiden schoolteacher was saying. "If your flat-footed nincompoops had the intelligence of a gnat—"

"And if you'd keep from pushing your nose into police business—" Piper took out a cigar, started to light up, and then scowled. "Wait a minute! This is one case you didn't learn about from the police radio. You were here before it happened!"

**M**ISS WITHERS nodded. As self-appointed gadfly to the homicide division, she had many times felt it her bounden duty to interfere in the more interesting of the inspector's cases, usually in spite of him. But this time she held trumps, and she knew it. "Lower your voice, Oscar," she said. "And keep a more respectful attitude. I'm here professionally—and I was hired by Mr.

McAllum, of Underwriters' Protective. That's a company supported by most of the old line life insurance companies to fight frauds..."

"I know, I know," Piper sat down on the bed, and put a match to a greenish-brown cigar. "Tell it your own way, but get to the point before to-morrow morning."

She sniffed. "Mr. McAllum had heard of my hobby. He said he was looking for a woman to do some detective work, but that a policewoman wouldn't do because they look like policewomen..."

"I know," sighed Piper. "Built like brick woodsheds, with low heels and boyish bobs."

"Exactly! You see, it all began when they got a report that Mr. Portland had taken out insurance policies totalling almost a quarter of a million dollars. That looked a little unusual..."

"I don't see why. Lots of people put their money into term insurance these days."

"It wasn't term, it was straight life. And no beneficiary except the estate. But what made the company worried was the discovery that Portland's total reported income amounted to just about the yearly premium on the policies!"

"I see," cut in the inspector. "They figured he intended to defraud the company by committing suicide."

"Not at all. Suicide would invalidate the policies. They figured that some one had talked Portland into insuring his life for an excessive amount, with the intent to murder him. And they wanted an investigator to get some concrete evidence which would give them an excuse to cancel the policies. They found out that Portland carried a small policy on his rare books, and got me into the house on the pretext of cataloguing the library."

"So what did you find?"

The schoolteacher hesitated. "Not much. I have an idea that Portland suspected something. Because he saw to it that I really catalogued the library. But I did have a chance to study the housekeeper. The Augusta Nack type if I ever saw one."

"The what?"

"Augusta Nack. The woman who cut up Guildensuppe some years before the turn of the century." Miss Withers had recently been making a concentrated study of old murder cases in the files of the public library, and she liked to display her erudition. "But she didn't do it, even if she is a distant cousin of the dead man."

Please turn to page 32



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# DR. CLAY'S WIFE

By . . .

MILDRED MEESE

**A** WEEK after DR. KATHERINE PRESCOTT'S romantic marriage to DR. DAVID CLAY she learns that he actually married her in a fit of pique because beautiful EUNICE WILLIAMS, to whom he was about to announce his engagement, threatened to marry someone else if he joined the Army.

Bitterly disillusioned, Katherine buries herself in her new work at the Evans Memorial Hospital, where David had been doing brilliant research work on Addison's disease. She is to take care of his patients in his absence, together with DR. MATTHEWS who, however, is jealous of her appointment to the position he wanted himself.

Katherine has staunch friends in DR. TOM ANDREWS and DR. JANE LESTER, but LUCIEN WHITNEY, Eunice's grandfather and a governor of the hospital, tries to bribe her to divorce David, offering in return a very remunerative appointment. Some weeks later Tom tells her that MRS. KELLER, one of David's special patients, has died through wrong treatment which, Matthews declares, Katherine herself ordered.

Now read on—

**W**HAT!" Katherine was aghast. "Matthews says that I ordered that treatment?"

She leaned forward in protest. Then she settled back in her chair and looked at Tom steadily. "Tom, that simply isn't true!"

"You didn't order her to be transferred to the T.B. ward?" Tom asked quietly.

"I did not order her to be transferred," Kay said positively. "I have not added a single order of any kind."

Tom reached for his pipe and thoughtfully tapped the tobacco down with strong, square fingers. "So that's it, is it?"

"What do you mean?"

"Looks as though Matthews was trying to do you down," Tom's jaw promised nothing pleasant for Matthews. He had thought he had forestalled anything like this, but apparently he had underestimated his man. Matthews' antagonism to Kay had been pretty apparent, but he had thought it better to ignore it save for one plain talk he had had with the man before Kay arrived.

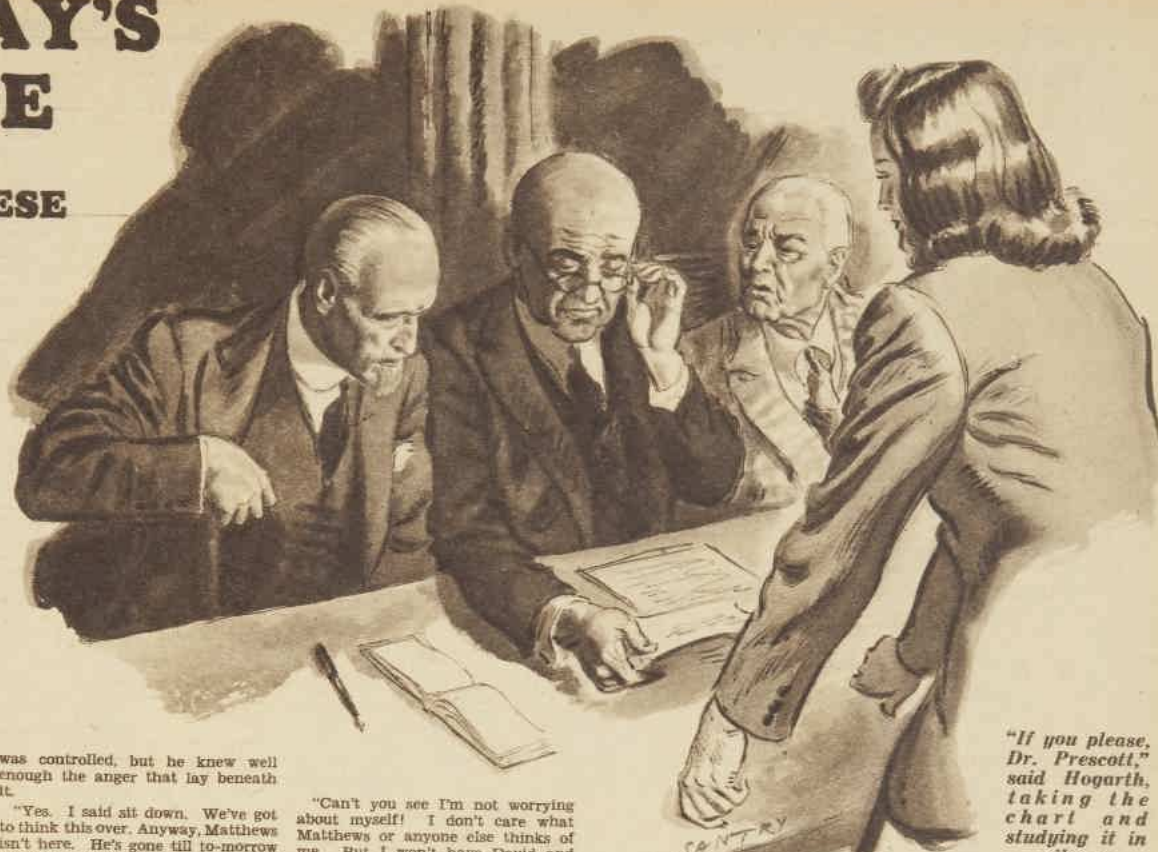
"He says," Tom went on, "that all the orders came straight from you. That he merely carried them out. Well, let's see. Now what?"

Katherine got up from her chair.

"I'm going to see Dr. Matthews," she said decidedly. "An interview that is decidedly overdue. He and I have things to talk about."

"Sit down, Kay."

"Sit down? Not me." Her voice



"If you please, Dr. Prescott," said Hogarth, taking the chart and studying it in silence.

was controlled, but he knew well enough the anger that lay beneath it.

"Yes. I said sit down. We've got to think this over. Anyway, Matthews isn't here. He's gone till to-morrow afternoon—went off an hour ago. I'll take care of him. Later."

"Well, I must say," Kay said impatiently, "this isn't like you, Tom. If he thinks he can get away with that!"

With an effort Tom kept his own anger in reserve, anger with Matthews, not her. "I'm going to say something you won't like, Kay."

"Go on. Say it."

"If I were you I'd leave things as they are. I wouldn't stir up trouble over this."

"Stir up trouble! Me!" She laughed. "You certainly don't expect me to let Matthews get away with this!"

"I think I would," Tom said. "Look here, Kay, Matthews is out to discredit you if he can. I think the best thing you can do is sit tight. Even if you had ordered the change, no one can prove that it killed her. And she would have died, anyway, very soon." This compromise with all his instincts was not an easy one for Tom to suggest, but nothing in his tone implied that.

He was thinking first of all of Kay. He knew only too well what lay behind this. Matthews was out to have her discredited, and he had thought he had found a way. What all the ramifications of the situation were Tom did not know. He was well enough acquainted with Matthews to be sure they would be ugly.

"Let me deal with it. I'll take the responsibility. Let this pass as far as you are concerned, and I'll guarantee that he won't try a stunt like this again."

The contempt in her face was hard for him to bear, but he did not waver. He understood Matthews. Probably he never should have brought Kay here over his head. He might have known better.

The house telephone buzzed and Kay reached for it.

"Dr. Prescott speaking. Yes? . . . Yes, thank you. I'll come straight away."

She replaced the receiver with a little click. There was something so definite about the way she did it that he knew he had wasted his effort. The strength in her face was not there without a purpose. After all, he couldn't expect the girl not to defend herself.

"I'm going to do that P.M., Tom," she said quietly. "And I want you to come, too. Get one of the house surgeons, too. I want witnesses I can depend on for this."

"But no one will blame you."

She turned on him now, the anger which until this instant she had repressed breaking out at him.

"Can't you see I'm not worrying about myself! I don't care what Matthews or anyone else thinks of me. But I won't have David and his extract discredited. . . . She forced her tone to an easier key. "Well, I'm not."

"David?"

"Certainly. All the orders were those David left. I merely transferred them to the chart."

He nodded. That undoubtedly was so. In these experimental things the usual procedure was laid aside. The men in charge of the research would issue orders, and they would be carried out as a matter of routine by whomever he might select. Matthews in this case, Kay was merely the go-between.

"But David wouldn't ask you to fight this out," Tom added deliberately. "Especially in the circumstances."

**K**ATHERINE flamed. "The 'circumstances' have nothing to do with it," she said crisply. "David means nothing at all to me now, Tom, and you know it. You've known it for some time."

"Then," said Tom coolly, "why get yourself stewed up over this? David gave the orders, and that's all there is to it."

"I still am physician enough to refuse to allow a good research man to be discredited, I hope," she said stiffly.

Tom got up. "All right, Kay," he said. "I never really expected you not to clear David, of course. I'll help, you know."

He wished, however, that he could take it all on himself. He would try, naturally, but Kay was going to be difficult about that. He hadn't thought so much about David. He could take care of himself. And somehow he had hoped she was getting over that early mess. He had surmised more of the situation between the two of them than she realised. He had known the torment she had gone through. He sighed. He wanted to prevent all that, too, in the very beginning, but he had been helpless.

"Seems the best I can do," he thought grimly, "to stand by and let things happen to her." Aloud he said, "Come on. Let's get this P.M. over. And pity help Matthews when I've finished with him. He's going to need it."

"You let me fight my own battles," Kay said.

The next evening Tom and Jane were deep in consultation when Katherine came into the laboratory from a late dinner.

"If only she would," Jane said doubtfully, "but I don't think you could make Kay see it in that way."

"See what—what way?" Katherine said briskly. "What are you two up to? Looks like a conspiracy."

"It is," Jane said gravely. "And you're going to hate us for this, Kay."

"For what?"

"I don't want you to go to the staff meeting," Tom said abruptly.

"Not go? Why? That's what I came back for."

"It's what we all are here for," Jane said; "but all the same, Tom is right. Listen to reason, Kay. Don't go."

"Why not?" Her grey eyes were wide with surprise, and she looked young and vulnerable. Tom fought an impulse to pick her up and carry her out of all this.

"Matthews is back," he said quietly. "And I've just heard that Lucien Whitney is coming to the staff meeting to-night."

"Something's up," Jane said. "Governors never come to staff meetings."

Color slowly drained from Kay's face, leaving it sharply defined against the dark walls behind her.

"No use looking for trouble," Jane continued. "Tom will handle anything that comes up."

"I'll take care of it," Tom said.

He must make her see it. Lucien Whitney was deadly. This was to be no mere discussion. This was to be a public duel between the two of them. He was certain of that. He must keep her from anything more that would further tear that ragged flag of pride she wore so gallantly. She had had enough.

"So that's it," she said slowly.

"There's a job going at the city clinic," Jane said suddenly. "Why don't you chuck it, Kay?"

"You mean resign?"

Tom saw the slender shoulders stiffen, and he threw up his hands. "Not that I don't appreciate you wanting to take it all on yourself, Tom."

"Come on, Jane," he said. "We're just wasting our time. She won't be protected, that woman. Ready, Dr. Prescott?"

"Ready," Katherine said.

As she walked in, flanked by Tom and Jane—determined watchdogs—Katherine knew that she faced the battle of her professional life. Further than that, she was to stage a public passage of arms with Lucien Whitney, a procedure that her pride would have had her avoid at all costs. Much, much better to have resigned than to stir up again that whispering chuckle that had run through the hospital before.

"But I'm not doing this for myself," she reminded herself briskly. "Nor—nor for David." She reassured herself that David did not enter into this at all, not personally. "Merely a matter of professional decency."

Tired as she was with the hospital and the whole situation, she would have liked to "chuck it," as Jane suggested. She could go elsewhere. There was plenty of work. But some inner force compelled her. She never had been more calm. Tom was obviously perturbed.

Please turn to page 40

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# ME AND THE CAMEL

By... LYN ARNOLD

Romantic  
short  
story

It's perfectly possible, and Mr. Bent's known about it for seventeen years; and I suddenly saw the way he was eyeing mother. As if they were both (it was perfectly frightful) young.

Well, I looked at mother. She's really quite nice looking. I mean, she takes care of herself and she's worn pretty well; she's not run to fat and she's hardly got a wrinkle, and the wing of white in her hair is attractive, really. But, honestly, the way Mr. Bent was staring—I could see at once that he was thinking of marriage. I could see in a flash he was half in love with mother.

At forty-five. It made me feel ill, honestly. I said to mother after: "How can you stand it?"

Mother laughed. "Oh, you get used to it, Tip."

And I suddenly thought, It's been going on for a long time.

I was so shocked that I nearly bought the wrong blouse.

It wasn't that I minded the thought of mother marrying; I mean, people as old as her do sometimes get married. It was the awful thought—suppose it's old Bent she chooses. Suppose I get that for a father—and at my age.

Not that mother had shown the slightest sign of falling, but well, I began to realise how things were. It was spring, and in wartime, people of even her age get into a sort of fever. And I thought—No, how awful! No, something's got to be done!

Well, that night I was going to the Red Cross dance at Fawley, and Johnny had promised mother to take me along. As a matter of fact I was furious about it (and I dare say Johnny himself wasn't too pleased), but I'd promised to go with



HONESTLY, I think life's awful.

If only I hadn't called a truce with Johnny Elsom; if only I hadn't shown him that we had aims in common and must join forces I shouldn't be going through what I'm going through now.

If I'd had selfish motives I wouldn't have minded. But my intentions were absolutely beyond reproach—and look at me now. I think it's a bit too much, honestly.

However, I'd better go back to the beginning. The trouble is, to know where the beginning is. Did this story start the day Johnny Elsom threw a rotten apple at me and hit me full in the face with the rotten side? Or the day I bet him, at the Bowens' party, that he couldn't eat ten lees, and he did, and was sick? Did it start the day Johnny's father divorced his mother—ages ago, before either of us remember? Or the day I discovered that all widows are dangerous—mother, too—not only to others, to themselves?

That's what I wonder now; at the time I thought it started the day of

my birthday. The day I was seventeen a lot of things happened to make me look at life; I mean, take a long view; begin to think about things, see that life has got to be planned.

This is what happened that day.

It was Saturday, so there was no secretarial college, and mother and I were walking into town for her to buy me that red blouse (with her coupons) that I knew would go with my old suit and my dark hair. I've trained mother by now, of course, not to buy clothes blind for me. Not that she hasn't good taste; it's impeccable. In fact, it's a bit too impeccable for me.

Well, mother and I were walking along and talking, and mother was saying: "You mustn't take all day, because I've promised to be at the canteen by lunch time," and outside Brampton's we ran into Mr. Bent. Mr. Bent is the bank manager. He bores me frightfully. He's one of those dreary men who won't realise they're old. He must be forty-five, quite, and that day honestly there wasn't any word to describe him but coy.

Well, he started off all about, "Ha, young lady—" I didn't really listen; I just stood and stared, and mother explained (mother is so polite always) about buying the blouse because I was seventeen.

"Seventeen!" Mr. Bent breathed. "No, it's not possible!"

I fixed the smile on my face and

got prepared for all the oh, how fast these young people grow up!—but not as if he were old; as if he were my age.

And suddenly I realised what he was saying.

"It just isn't possible," he yearned at mother, "for you to have a daughter of seventeen."

Now mother is thirty-eight, and

"How nice of you to join us," mother greeted Dr. Elsom sweetly.



a party who lived in Fawley, and it's no good, you simply can't see a girl home these days. And Johnny was going alone (he prefers free-lancing), and mother had actually asked him to keep an eye on me!

Well, I'd got myself dressed in mother's made-over plaid taffeta and I'd come down for mother to fix my hair (she's awfully good at making my curls look careless and yet stay put on account of all her care), and it was as if the scales fell from my eyes suddenly.

There she sat by the fire, in her grey slacks and red sweater, with a book on the arm of her chair, and on her knees her knitting and on her knitting (this was what touched me, somehow) the horn-rimmed glasses she has to wear to read.

There she was—not really old; but alone by the fireside with her book and her knitting as if she was seventy odd.

"Mother!" I said, "I won't go. Really! I'll stay with you."

"What on earth," mother asked me, "has come over you? Have you quarrelled again with that nice boy—what's his name?—the Canadian?"

"I have not!" I drew myself up and said: "Mother, it's you, I can't bear to think of leaving you here alone, mother."

"Well, it's happened before," she said mildly. "Why start worrying now?"

I couldn't tell her, of course. I sat back on my heels and looked at her. And suddenly there was an awful vision in front of my eyes.

It was moonlight. I wore organdie—no, I think it was chiffon. I sat on a verandah. And a man (I don't quite know who) was proposing. I knew how he

without looking like a fool. So actually what I would wear was a dark red house gown—

"Just what exactly," said Johnny, "has happened to you? Is it Lady Macbeth's sleepwalking scene?"

I didn't answer. I've always found with Johnny that a quiet dignity works best in the long run.

"Come on, pick your feet up," said Johnny, "we're late already."

I replied, "I have been ready for some time."

"Is that you, Johnny?" called mother. "Come in a minute!"

Johnny came in and smiled and said how d'you do. He looked clean and brushed and what old people call "open"—just because of a turned-up nose and clear eyes. Johnny is always polite to any old people. As a matter of fact, I think it's a dirty trick, because they never believe the half of how tough he can be when he gets to dealing with someone of his own age.

Then mother started; all about taking care of me, and seeing that I got home safe, and not too late; and I couldn't have started then to say, "I'm not going," because explanations would have taken all night.

So I kissed mother, specially, on the brow, to comfort her; I put an arm round her and pressed her shoulder tight. And mother looked up as if she thought I was sickening.

"What's the matter, darling?" she asked. "Are you all right?"

Honestly, people's obtuseness makes me shudder. I put a wealth of meaning into "Good-night." It was kind of gay, but not too gay, if you take me, there was just enough emotion underneath.

And d'you know, as I walked

off, mother actually slapped me, where she shouldn't have slapped me at my age, before Johnny Elsom.

Well, Johnny and I walked for a long while in silence after his usual fuss about carrying my shoes and putting my evening bag into his pocket. "D'you have to have all this trap?" Johnny asked for the hundredth time.

We walked in silence along the lane to the bus stop. Just as we got there Johnny started to sigh. He started to "oh" and "ah" and push his hair down.

"What on earth's the matter with you," I asked, "this time? Is it Iris Greenly? Or is it Betty Winters?"

Johnny gave me a look. "As a matter of fact, it's my dad. I'm worried about him, Tip. I'm just worried about him."

"You too?"

"What did you say?"

"Nothing. What's worrying you?"

"It's like this!" said Johnny. And he started to tell me how to-night Miss Hathaway had pushed her way into their house on the pretext of making them stomp up more for savings, and plumped herself down in the chair for the evening. "If I hadn't promised to come along and fetch you, I'd never have left Dad there alone with the hag. I'm sick," Johnny cried, "when I think what well might happen."

"What might well happen?"

Johnny said: "Be your age. The Hathaway hag has got designs on him, frankly. You know what women are at her time of life. She isn't the only one. It's got me worried. And dad, to be frank, is just at the age to fall."

"I should have thought he'd be fly enough, at his age—"

"He's got past," Johnny said, "the age of being fly. He's got to the age of wanting a woman round to darn his socks and see about his food, and now Mrs. Miggs has gone and left him for war work, and only old Mrs. Browning comes in to do, and doesn't do the half of what dad is used to, it leaves him—well, simply wide open to attack!"

And then I saw. It flashed on me simply like lightning. "Look, Johnny," I said, "we've got to act, and act quick. Eight months from now they'll have called you up for air crew." (He'd had his medical,



but at the time they'd said that they wouldn't want him for another eight months or so.) "Any time, now, more or less, I'll be in the war. We've got to act, Johnny—we've got to act quickly."

Johnny stared. "What on earth are you yammering about?"

I told him. He wanted to save his father from what really would have been fifty times worse than death. (If you know Miss Hathaway you'd know why I say so.) I wanted to save my mother from a lonely old age, or Mr. Bent.

I found Johnny's father quite a reasonable person. I rather liked him as a matter of fact. He wasn't bad looking, either. He was really quite handsome in a moth-eaten way, with grey at the temples and a kicked-in stomach. At his age he might have been a whole lot worse, honestly.

"And mother," I said, "He couldn't do better than mother." (I doubted myself if he'd do half as well, but I didn't want to say so, and make Johnny ratty.)

"Your mother's jolly decent!" mused Johnny. "I like her myself. If I get a wife who's half as good looking at her age—"

"Do you think she's good looking?" Johnny said: "Well, she's about twice as good looking as you'll ever be."

I SAID nothing. I didn't want to start a row then.

After a moment, I went on, "It's so simple. We'll marry them off to each other—don't you see? It'll be good for them, and for us—convenient. Not that that's what I'm thinking of, of course, Johnny, but it happens that what'll suit them will suit you and me. You want to save him from designing females like Hathaway. I want to save her from awful old droops like Bent—"

"It mightn't be bad," (Johnny was staring into the half-light, trying to see the bus, which, as usual, was late. "But the thing is, Tip, what can we—either of us—do? They've lived next door to each other for ten years and upwards. If they haven't got going themselves by now—what can we do?")

"Well, of course—that's easy!" I said. "They like each other."

"Dad likes your mother."

At last the bus was coming.

"And mother likes your dad—quite."

I made that reservation. I wasn't

going to give Johnny a swollen head. "I mean, she doesn't actively dislike him—"

"I should flaming well!"—Johnny interrupted—"think not. The woman who marries my father—"

"Will be 'very lucky.'"

I jeered, getting into the bus. "Oh, I know. A woman has got to be glad—to feel honored—"

"Oh, can it," said Johnny.

"Honest, I didn't mean—"

"Yes, we've got to can it," I sighed. "We can't waste time fighting. We've got to join forces and work hard—hand in glove. We both want the same thing. Well, we've both got to work for it."

"That's all very well," Johnny said. "I agree. But how?"

Well, I told him. I told him all the way to Fawley.

I hadn't finished when we got to Fawley Town Hall, so we had the first dance together, to get things settled. Iris Greenly looked daggers at me. How I laughed when I thought what Iris Greenly would think we were talking about, and what we were talking about really; and then Vin (that's my Canadian) came over and said:

"Who've you come to this dance with—Johnny or me?"

"Well, Johnny, to be accurate," I answered, looking all innocent. "But—"

Vin seized me masterfully. "You know what I mean! Come on and dance, Tip!"

Well, I danced. But all the time at the back of my mind I was working out Johnny's and my plan of campaign.

We met the next evening to get final details settled. It was nearly dark. As it happened, Johnny's boss kept him late. (Johnny is working now in our local solicitor's office on frightfully boring things like wills and rights of way.) We met by the gap in the fence that Johnny had made ages ago. That's where we always meet—at the bottom of the garden. It's a bit too close to our rubbish heap and the Elsom's hens in these days, but that's where we've always met.

"First publicity," I pronounced.

"Then, Johnny, propinquity."

"Oh, cut the cackle," begged Johnny, "and get to business."

"If you don't quite understand, Johnny," I smiled sweetly, "I'm sorry. I'll start again, shall I? This

time in words of one syllable—"

"If you don't stop being funny, I'll clip your ear—"

We both apologised together to save our faces. Johnny promised not to interrupt.

"Now first comes the build-up. You must say to your dad how you've noticed, and hasn't he, what a fine-looking woman my mother is. And then how well-run our house is. Then talk about our cooking. And then you might put in a bit about Mr. Bent—not too early, of course. You must wait for the moment when it'll really excite interest—"

Johnny nodded; I saw the dip of his cigarette in the dark.

"And then, Johnny," I told him, "I'll get started on mother. I'll say: 'Aren't men charming who go grey round the ears?' I'll say: 'Wouldn't it be awful to marry a man with a stomach?' And how your father, Johnny, has simply no stomach at all. (Mr. Bent's stomach swings—yes, it does, positively!) And then—"

"But I won't go on. You get the idea? The water that wears away a stone, Johnny. Subtle, and yet persistent—"

"What about propinquity?"

"Well, that's the next step, of course. We've got to throw them together."

Johnny said infuriatingly: "I knew what the word meant! That's all very well—but how? How are we going to do it? I don't think they've met to speak to since last New Year when dad, being dark, was asked over your threshold—"

"That's where we've got to work!"

"Yes, Tip, I know; but how?"

"Well, first I'll suggest to mother asking you both to dinner."

Please turn to page 10



# Me and the Camel

Continued from page 9

I WENT on excitedly, "You must suggest to your father asking both of us back. And then I'll suggest . . . once that hospitality's started you can go on indefinitely just asking people back."

"But how will you fix it, Tip? What will you say to your mother that gets us asked to grub without making her curious?"

"That's simple. I'll let her think that you are the attraction."

"That's what I said. That'll put her off the scent! If I start working the line about being alone with you, that'll throw them together as well, and neither of them will suspect—"

"You've got something there!" Johnny said quietly, out of the darkness. "Tip, you've had a bright idea."

"Well, thank you, Johnny!" I drawled—but Johnny's impervious to sarcasm. "I'm going to begin right now. You'd better start up yourself. But don't go and throw mother at his head—remember, be subtle. Keep on, if you see what I mean, but not on and on—"

"Dad," Johnny rehearsed. "Don't you think that in a woman a white streak of hair is very . . . well, very what?"

"Oh, for heaven's sake!" I said. "You have to think up your own script." I started to walk away as I called: "Leave me to mine!"

I thought it out pretty well; you have to be fly with mother. Because mother's by no means as dumb as she sometimes looks.

"Mother," I said one day, "I'm sorry for Johnny Elsom. That Mrs. Browning of theirs—she's a terrible cook."

Then the next day I said (after a decent interval): "Mother, I want to invite Johnny Elsom over one night. I'm going to teach him to dance properly."

And then the day after I clinched it. "Mother," I said, "do you think it would be a good idea to have the Elsoms over? I mean, the Ministry

says—I mean about saving fuel, and their cook's a terrible cook, and I do want to teach Johnny—"

"All right!" mother said, and she laughed as she looked at me. "Why not?"

So you see it worked out. The Elsoms came over to dinner. I managed (with trouble) to persuade mother to change. I got her to wear the blue crepe that makes her eyes bluer and brings out the note of blue in the black of her hair. I asked her about the food. I asked her about the table.

"For goodness' sake, Tip," she said, "what's come over you?"

So then I piped down: I mean, I knew I had to be careful. A slow start was the thing, and then you can go in for speed.

Well, the Elsoms came.

Dr. Elsom was very sweet; very handsome, very amusing. How does a man like him (I thought) have a son like Johnny? The dinner went well. We were all sitting by the fire for coffee when I looked up and said to Mother: "Johnny and I want to dance."

"Well, do, Tip," Mother said. Johnny just sat there smoking.

"Come on, Johnny, and dance." I smiled at him sweetly. He didn't stir. I had to kick his ankle. He gave an audible "Ow!" but I covered it quickly. "Come on and dance!"

I levered him gaily out of his chair. "You ape!" I hissed when the door was shut. "Can't you get it into your thick head that we leave them alone?"

"Well, for heaven's sake," said Johnny. "Why didn't you warn me?"

"Well, for heaven's sake! I thought you'd cotton on."

I opened the door of what had once been the schoolroom, where mother had said I could entertain my own guests.

Johnny said: "It's cold in here." "It's cold and it's dreary, and we haven't any new records, and life is

full of woe. But you're going to stay here and dance and like it!"

We danced. We went on dancing. "What is this—a marathon?"

"This is known, my poor Johnny, as leaving the old folks alone."

"Can't we go down now?" sighed Johnny every five minutes. I kept him up there till it was nearly eleven. Then Johnny struck.

"I'm through! And we've got to remember you can have too much of a good thing. The thing is to leave them wanting more."

We went downstairs. Mother sat by the fireplace, knitting. She wore her horn-rimmed glasses. "Where's Dr. Elsom?"

"He had a phone call. I thought you'd have heard it—just after you went upstairs. Have you had a good evening?"

I avoided looking at Johnny.

He said with charm to mother: "I must go now. But thank you so much for having us."

And with the last words his eyes were fixed on me.

THAT, for weeks, was the sort of thing that happened. It seemed as if Fate had conspired to make fools of Johnny and me. We'd fix up for a four for the pictures, and mother'd get called to the canines, and Dr. Elsom would sit, very bored, between Johnny and me. Or we'd plan to go on a picnic and someone's appendix would rumble or grumble or whatever it is appendices do, and mother would say: "You young people go off together. And there we'd be stuck with an endless day together."

And Johnny was fearfully fed up because Betty Winters had asked him to be blank if he was gone on me? And he couldn't say, "Good lord, no!" with explanations. So he said, "Oh—it's family. It's a four!"

And the next day Betty met Johnny and me getting off the Fawley bus.

"Well, have you enjoyed yourselves?" Betty asked. "All four?" And Vin started to talk of fighting people.

"But you don't understand, Vin," I told him over and over again. "We've known each other for simply years—from childhood."

"Yeah!" said Vin, sticking his chin out. "I've heard that story before."

For the first five or six weeks our work went for nothing. Mother and Dr. Elsom had hardly met. And then, one day, I noticed a change in mother. She had a sort of a well, a luminous look. And suddenly I noticed that she had a new hair-do. I didn't like it, but that was beside the point. The thing was, she was aware. She looked in mirrors, she started staring ahead with a not-seeing-things air.

Now, I wasn't going to tell Johnny that mother had fallen; I mean, it was Dr. Elsom's place to fall first. But unless I told Johnny, how turn things to our advantage?

"Johnny," I said, "have you noticed any signs?"

We were walking back from a carefully planned excursion to a wishing well that neither of us wanted to see, that we'd thought might provide atmosphere for the parents. They had both backed out and now it had come on to rain.

"Signs, Tip. Of what?"

"Of weakening in your father."

"I don't really know. What signs?"

"Well—staring into space, and getting a new hair-do—I mean, more frequent hair-cuts?"

"He's had a suit turned," Johnny said at last. "That might mean something or nothing."

"Isn't there something more significant?"

"I don't know."

"Well, think."

## PROPINQUITY

works!" I said firmly. "Now, what's the next step?"

"I should think," Johnny cut in, "you'd better leave that to dad!"

"But don't you see?" I cried. "This is the crucial moment when he may go on, but he may—he may slip back. This is just the time when a man gets cold feet and wavers. We've got to give him the neat push forward."

Johnny frowned. "What exactly is the plan of campaign now?"

"Opposition!" I said. "You know yourself how it works. If somebody says: How can you stand that girl? That girl starts to be the only girl you can stand."

"Yes, that's true," said Johnny.

"We've got," I explained, "to make things difficult now. We've got to stick to both of them like leeches, till all they think of is being left alone. We've got to get them to such a pitch of frustration that all they think of is just getting together; so that when they do get together they stop thinking—"

"Well, if you say so. If you know what you're doing."

"Trust me!" I said. "I'm certain—absolutely!"

Well, I started in. I said casually to mother: "Don't you think Dr. Elsom tends to lay down the law?"

Mother didn't rise at once. She said, "Do you, Tip?" But I bet she had flown to his defence inside.

Then I said: "There's a lot to be said for single blessedness. D'you know, mother, I think marriage is a snare?"

Mother said: "What's Vin gone and done this time?" But that, of course, is just the way mother is.

I started stopping at home. If mother noticed it, she didn't give herself away—not at first. Not till the night Dr. Elsom dropped in for coffee. I got the impression that time wasn't the first and I thought: They've been seeing each other without me knowing. The duplicity. But as long as propinquity works.

Please turn to page 28



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● A plain tailored blouse of yellow linen is a perfect team mate for this gay dirndl skirt. The skirt is printed in colorful floral stripes in green, white, mauve, and yellow, and a yellow straw hat adds extra charm. (Above left.)



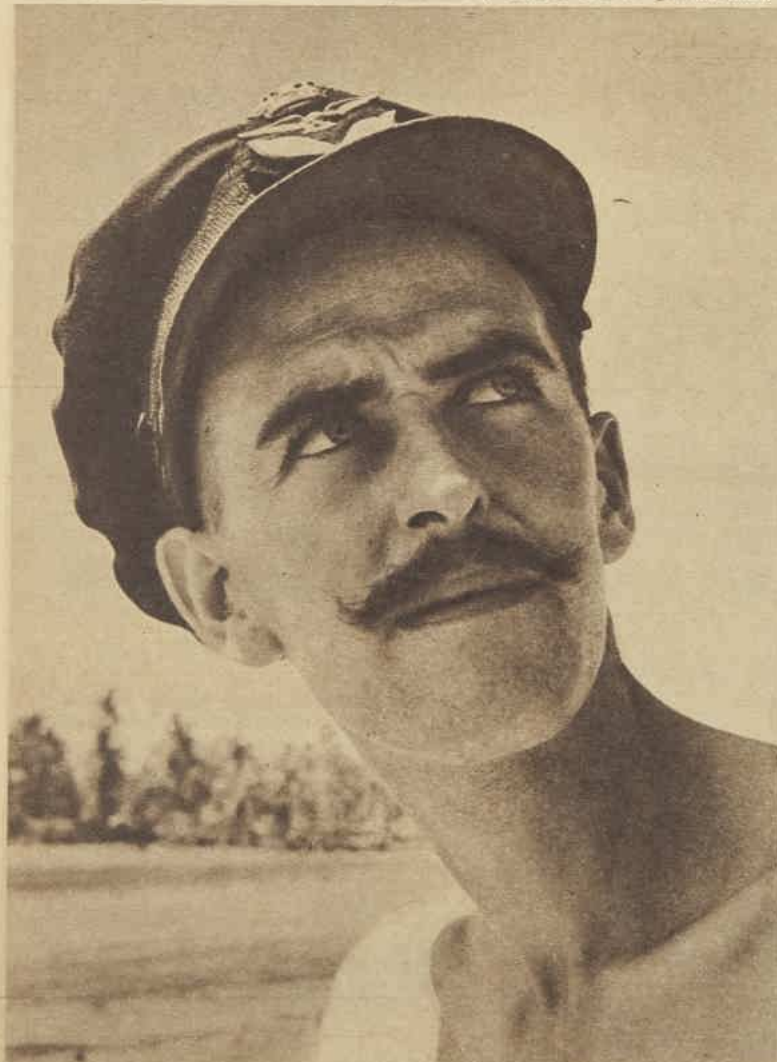
# BOYS OF FAMOUS KITTYHAWK SQUADRON



**COMMANDING OFFICER** of a famous Kittyhawk squadron in the S.W. Pacific, S/Ldr. Ian S. Loudon, D.F.C., formerly owned rubber plantations.



**S/LDR. LOUDON** briefs men on a day's mission. Planes will take off after the bombers and provide top cover for them.



**TYPICAL FLIER.** F/Lt. Jim Harrison, of Melbourne. Was an accountant, has been flying three years. Wants to stay in aviation after the war.



**LUNCH** after the morning flight for the pilots. In the centre of the tent is the blackboard giving names of the pilots and the flight they are on.



**F/SGT. FRANCIS MILES**, of Melbourne, throws back the "greenhouse" of the Kittyhawk and signals another mission successfully executed.





**BACK** in the ready hut, F/O Harry J. Shelton, of Launceston, Tasmania, doffs his goggles and helmet after the mission.



**MAKING OUT** their flight reports under the eyes of a collection of pin-up girls, F/Sgt. Wm. J. Nugent (left) and P/O. James Stewart, of Balmoral.



**PILOTS** have a last-minute check of the area map with S/Ldr. Loudon. The average age of the airmen is 25. The oldest is 36, and the youngest is 19.



**KITTYHAWKS** lined up after a successful mission against a background of palms. Of the R.A.A.F. squadrons operating in the South-west Pacific, none has established a better record. They are manned by fearless pilots, many of whom fought in Britain, the Middle East, Singapore, and India.

—Photographs by U.S. Army Air Force.





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# Fresh eggs at Italian battle-front . . .

## Obliging hen goes with owner on 2000-mile drive

An amusing story with a domestic touch comes in a letter from a New Zealand soldier taking part in the Italian invasion. He tells how he bought a hen for a bag of salt and had fresh eggs throughout the 2000-mile advance.

Cpl. Struthers, 2nd New Zealand Forces, tells about this luxurious arrangement in a letter to his sister, Miss I. Struthers, 1005 Caroline Road, Hawke's Bay, New Zealand.

The letter was sent to us by Mr. L. Leigh, 9 Matthew Rd., Lidcombe, N.S.W.

**R**ECENTLY I purchased a broody hen in exchange for a small bag of salt from a woman over here.

"I sat the hen on seven eggs, which were hatched two hours before my embarkation to Italy. I could not leave the little family behind so I packed them in a box and fixed it to the front of my truck.

"They all took the sea voyage very well, and by now I have given each one a name. One word from me, and they fly everywhere.

"As they grew I found I had five pullets and two roosters.

"We 'potted' one rooster for luck, and kept the other for an alarm clock.

"He is well known among the boys, and is very efficient in waking us up of a morning.

"I have now travelled two thousand miles up into Italy, and my fowls travelled all that way with me, so you can see they are real get-outs. It makes the other boys' eyes open when I can go round in



**AIRMEN SERVING** with a squadron in Dutch New Guinea. Left to right, LACs R. H. Gulliver, N. C. McGovern, J. Gardner, R. McAdam; seated on running board, J. Whitmore.

front of my truck and collect fresh eggs for breakfast.

"While on leave in Rome I exchanged a dozen eggs for two baby geese, so there has been a slight increase in my poultry farm.

"It is a great war, and I am sure I won't know how to part with my family when the great day comes to return home to you all. I'm sure I'll have to bring them with me."



**HAPPY GROUP** at an R.A.A.F. hospital in Queensland. Standing, back row, left to right, ACWs Bingham, Graham, Sister Ward, Cpl. Corrie; centre row, Sisters Cleary, Foley, Pocell; seated, ACWs Rehbein, Harding, Grace Hynd, Day.

**LAC C. H. Cox, in Corsica, to his mother, Mrs. L. H. Cox, 21 Burns Street, Campsie, N.S.W.:**

"IN my three years overseas, Corsica is the best country I have been in. The people have always been friendly to me.

"You can't tell the difference between the bush here and the Aussie bush.

"We walked along one track thick with scrub, the ground covered with moss and bracken fern, and another wide-leaf fern like you see at Katoomba.

"The wild flowers are the same as at home, only there are not so many. The paddocks are covered with green grass and are thick with daisies, clover, and dandelions.

"Other things that remind me of home are the old blackberry bushes, wattle, gum trees, ivory heath, asparagus fern, wild violets, jonquils."



**PUPIL AND TEACHER**, formerly at a school in Coura, N.S.W. F/O. Charles Marshall and his former pupil, Jack Blume, of the R.A.N., met by chance when they were on leave in Bombay.

**Pte. R. V. Jessup, Stalag XVIII A, to his mother, Mrs. J. Jessup, Barmedman, N.S.W.:**

"I AM still at the same place, but my work is a lot longer and harder. The old chap has been sick and his arm gone on him, and I am the only one to drive horses, and one is a handful. He can kick like a donkey.

"When I am in the town he does play up. I can't leave him for five minutes. With strangers he tries to bite and strike them, and, my word, I have to laugh at times to see them trying to get out of his way."



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### LETTERS FROM OUR BOYS

Conducted by  
Adele Shelton Smith

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting Services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen. For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1. For brief extracts 10/- or 5/- is paid.

**F/O. W. J. Boggie, Stalagluft III, to his mother at 23 Linsley St., Gladesville, N.S.W.:**

"FOR the last five nights we have had excellent entertainment in our camp theatre with the showing of 'Pygmalion'.

"The various costumes came from Berlin, and all the parts were taken by the boys themselves.

"These shows are so good that they have to be seen to be believed. They are little, if anything, behind any of the London shows.

"Next week we are having a concert by the symphony orchestra, followed by another play, 'Philadelphia Story,' and then a music-hall show."



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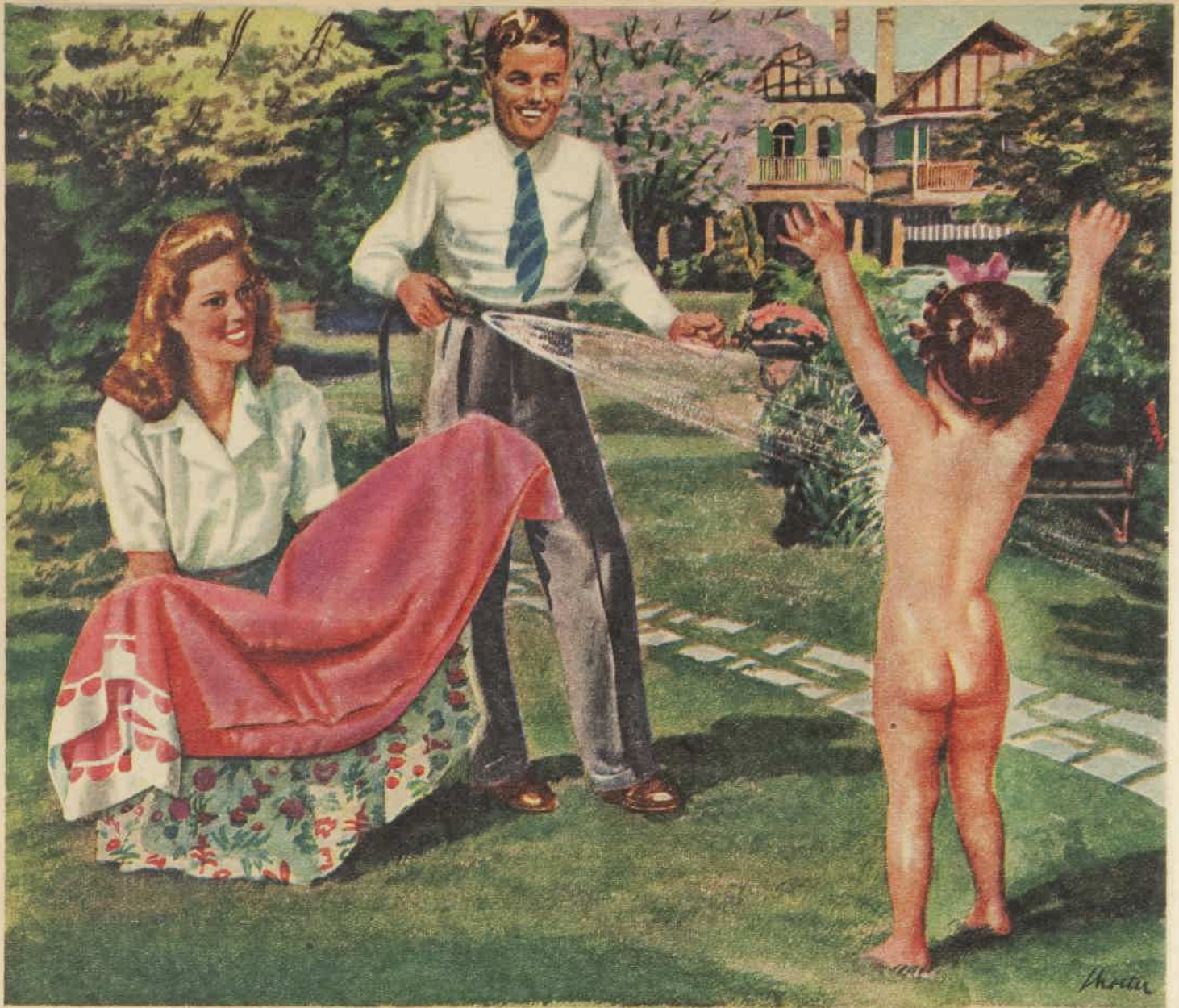
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## When happy days are here again...

When your garden is once more a lovesome thing...with your husband home, never to go away again...when you can sing without your song being muted by the ache in your heart, when laughter comes easily in sheer joy as you watch your toddler discover what fun it is having a daddy to play lovely games with... then happy days will be here again. Ausmill Towels will be here again, too, in a revel of post-war glory. Not the sober-patterned austerity Ausmills but new Ausmills—veritable riots of gaiety with floral designs and sea-creatures, patterns and stripes. Big, thirsty super-absorbent Ausmills, the longest-wearing towels ever.

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# FIRST PARIS COLLECTIONS SINCE LIBERATION



EDWARD MOLYNEUX, Englishman, who became one of the most famous designers in Paris, and showed models in the recent Paris collections.



CHANEL, noted designer, gave up her dress designing business during the war, but queues of soldiers can be seen in Paris any day buying her famous perfumes.



SCHIAPARELLI at her desk. Her models, like those of other designers, are practical, but new and gay.

## Fashion ingenuity compensates for poor quality material

Cabled by ANNE MATHESON from Paris

The Parisian dressmaking industry has just finished showing its new collections. In the bitterly cold salons shivering mannequins are parading the new winter models, each of which is the result of immense collective effort of every person connected with the famous designing houses.

There is no quality of richness or luxury touches in this collection, for France has been stripped of her raw materials and has had to manage with substitutes.

**Y**ET in the simple lines of these more practical fashions the spirit of France, liberated after four years of occupation, emerges as brave and as fair as ever.

There's proof in every model I've seen—and I've been to every dress show—that creative talent is still there.

The ingenuity of fashion houses is opening the way to the rehabilitation of the French fashion trade.

Every model Paris produces means another few tons of coal. The swing of a skirt means the bread they eat, and the tilt of a hat means shoes for their children.

No wonder then that when the Metro (underground railway) was not functioning after the liberation, workers came miles on foot to sit from the first peep of daylight at the windows working until the dark turned them out on the streets again—for there was no electricity either.

Though every fashion house had overcome tremendous obstacles, from managing with one iron heated on a small stove to rushing collections through with workers slowed down by malnutrition and the strain of the German occupation, it is not reflected in the clothes.

Every house produced a fine collection. Schiaparelli had intriguing and very daring fashions, while Robert Piguet showed a whole series of most fascinating little frocks that any Australian girl would love to wear.

Molyneux's pale grey salon was as ever the background for neat and fine ensembles for which he has always been famous, while Lanvin's more matronly models came in gay checks and vivid color combinations.

Paquin's furs were as cleverly worked as they were in pre-war years, and what had happened to the humble rabbit during the occupation had to be seen to be believed.



EVERYBODY CYCLES in Paris, and dresses are specially designed to allow plenty of movement. Here a tandem cycle pulls a small carriage.



BRITISH TOMMIES with the invading armies spare a glance for the dresses shown in the windows in a French town. The big designing houses of Paris provide employment for many citizens.

Chanel was out of business as a couturier, and only the long lines of soldiers buying her Number Five perfume to send home reminded me of the days when she made such diaphanous frocks on which you would spend your last franc.

The Paris line is a very new one. It is bulky above the waist and bulky below the waistline, and is well defined.

The coats, being of such poor material, can afford to have masses of it, and many are lined and inter-lined. To get this fullness, unpressed pleats from shoulder to waist are caught by a belt, then fall over the hips.

Because everyone rides a bicycle, every frock and coat is designed for movement.

The bicycle, and the cold, and the freedom of expression that liberation

has brought have dominated the collections. Such extreme styles as the pantalettes and the bloomers are in reality very practical for women who must face biting winds and chilly rooms for many more months.

Cold hands have brought back mitts, and no garment is without deep pockets—mostly slit.

Fur linings have produced "trapper" coats.

These are three-quarter length, with patch pockets and belts, and are sometimes worn with a fur-lined hood.

They are exactly the same as those worn by Yukon trappers, and are known as "Canadiennes."

With these Schiaparelli and Lanvin are showing divided skirts that are also fur-lined, and almost every house has similar fur-lined jackets.

Molyneux showed several tartan

frocks with sleeves cut on the cross and flared box-pleated panels in front giving the necessary fullness for cycling.

His classic suits had very long jackets of black facecloth with braid or velvet edging and four perpendicular slit pockets.

Lanvin's long-jacketed suits came in checks, with deep pockets worked on the cross. For older women he showed topcoats that swung from the shoulders in full flaring lines. They were in bright green or red, and again fur-lined or interlined to make up for poorness of quality of the material.

Velvet was the most popular for afternoon frocks, and corduroy velvet was matched with plain.

To match the full bodices and fuller skirts the sleeves were full and made with unpressed pleats, completing the balloon look.

Quilting for trimming was used a great deal. With such a shortage of trimmings, quilting, drawn-thread work on wool, fringing, shirring, tucking, and every means to give surface interest were employed.

The way Parisians have worked rabbitskins to give them the look of finer furs proves their genius.

Cut off from better furs, they have worked these pelts to look like mink, like leopard, even like fox, but never a hint that it's rabbit.

Strips of rabbit swirling round sleeves and running perpendicularly in strips on collarless, loose-fitting coats have a carefree look.

Although practical, Paris fashions are intensely feminine.

There isn't a pair of slacks in the whole of the collections, and full, gaily colored bloomers or bright pantalettes, very reminiscent of the bicycle built for two, are often accompanied with hats with velvet "veils" tying them on to complete the picture.

There are no evening frocks for sale, for, as Paquin said, "France is still a battlefield. We must be quiet and simple."

## "For the future"

**B**UT there were several warm dinner gowns in fine wool or velvet with contrasting bodices and slightly flared skirts. One in velvet had matching gloves.

Each house showed one evening dress "for the future," and they were on Winterhalter or Grecian lines.

A bride's frock in lace had a round, deep yoke at the back, outlined with a double frill of stiffened net. The veil was only shoulder length, with orange blossoms cascading to the edge.

For color Paris still favors black, and after tartans and checks russet was the next favorite, with occasional vivid blue-purple shades.

Names of the models were most amusing. There was "Jeep" and "New York," "Tour de Londres," "Union Jack," "Quebec," "Clipper," and "Barricades."

One of the prettiest models of Lanvin was "Resistance," with red hearts with blue centres mounted on a white collar round the high neckline, and with a matching frill at the wrist cuffs.

Hats, which have been so large that if you get behind one you can see nothing else, seemed to be slightly smaller at all the houses.

During four years of occupation the wonderful team spirit of these designers, rivals for ideas but compatriots for country, have held together the fibre of an industry that is as much a part of France as the very earth itself.



# Editorial

NOVEMBER 18, 1944

## ROOSEVELT'S VICTORY

MR. ROOSEVELT'S victory in the U.S. elections has been greeted with satisfaction by the Allied nations.

While the campaign was in progress, British people refrained from commenting on the issues or the personalities involved.

"I offer my compliments to Parliament," said Mr. Churchill, "to the members of the public, to men of all parties, for the care and restraint which has made all potential indiscretions die upon their lips."

But, for all his discretion, there was never any doubt where Mr. Churchill's sympathies lay.

At his various meetings with F.D.R. he has grown to admire the President enormously.

The two men have a largeness of vision, a frankness and energy of thought, which makes them naturally akin.

Roosevelt, like Churchill, is a real war-leader.

Though his speeches lack the rolling literary sonority of Churchill's, their plain and virile style has helped the American people over many crises.

Roosevelt has that great quality of a democratic leader: the ability to keep ahead, but not too far ahead, of what the public is thinking.

He foresaw the necessity for Lend-Lease, and gradually prepared the opinion of the country to accept it.

He knew that America must come into the war, and had everything ready for that when the moment arrived.

The Empire has good reason to be thankful to Mr. Roosevelt.

His greatness of spirit has been an important factor in the achievement of total victory.

## Bishop's book explains his theories

BISHOP BURGMANN, whose advocacy of community boarding-schools for all children from the age of 12 created some controversy earlier this year, has written a book, "The Education of an Australian," which explains and enlarges his theories.

Bishop Burgmann, who is Bishop of Goulburn, N.S.W., has for many years aroused public interest as a figure who does not fear to make controversial statements.

The reference he made to possessive mothers as a danger to society, in his speech to the University Association of Canberra, caused some adverse comment from those who interpreted his views as discounting the influence of the family.

In his book he makes it clear that he regards the family as the basic unit of society.

"The mother is, as a rule, by far the most important of our educators," he writes. "When society realises this fact it will spend far more time and money on the training of mothers than on the training of teachers."

"The mother . . . will be paid an adequate salary and be given professional status, the highest in the land. The nation which first discovers the importance of mothers, and learns how to train and respect them, will hold the key to the future."

And, again:

"The family is the fundamental educational institution, and parents are the most important of all human teachers. It is clear that in a sane and enlightened society provision will be made to improve the home, as an educational unit . . ."

"Housing is an educational problem. Health is an educational problem. Even industry itself would be better organised if it were looked on as an educational process."

He uses the story of his own early schooling, as the child of a selector on the North Coast of New South Wales, as a basis for developing his theories of education.

He went to a little bush, one-teacher school until he was 13.

Then he spent a year at the Cleveland Street Public School in Sydney, and—"the change from a little bush school where one always counted in a personal way to the utter impersonality of a large city school was by no means a pleasant experience."

### Roots in soil

THE Bishop is not sentimental about the small bush school. He discusses it objectively.

But he believes that the soil and Nature are and should be an important part of the education of an Australian.

This is one of the reasons for his belief that the secondary school should be a boarding-school set in the country.

"No school should exceed 400," he writes, "but each should consist of six or eight separate houses."

"Schoolrooms also should not be built in one block. They may be connected with cloisters, but each set of school buildings should be fitted into the landscape like an old world village community."

"The school should grow out of the ground that bears it, and should not follow standardised patterns. We must set our architects free to create something distinctive."

"Their work should be no small

### BISHOP BURGMANN

Known as one of the most outspoken ecclesiastics in Australia, Bishop Burgmann was consecrated Bishop of Goulburn in May, 1934. He has long maintained that "the parson must be a fearless and relentless disturber of men's minds." Accession to a Bishopric made no difference to the vigorous unconventionality of his views and preaching.

part of the educational influence brought to bear upon our children. Nature and art should fashion their souls.

"In these schools all that we have learned from our best boarding-schools should be made available for all children."

"The boarding-school has shown that it has a place of the utmost value in the educational scheme."

"It is a bridge between the home and the world, and weans the child from undue dependence on the home before he has to enter the hurly-burly of life."

"It schools him in comradeship and teaches him to hold his own in steadily growing groups . . ."

Dr. Burgmann believes that children should enter these schools at the age of 12. If the home has done its work properly, he thinks, it will not be forgotten or neglected, neither will its influence be an emotional incubus on the life of the growing child.

He has an open mind about co-education, but inclines to separate schools within easy reach of each other to make social relations between boys and girls a normal thing.

The country setting would include agricultural and grazing land, and, if possible, some native bush. Mixed farming should supply the school's needs, and boys be encouraged to take part in the farm activities.

Thus, he considers, the school would be a community, possibly largely self-supporting, but with the school as the dominant factor.

Scientific works on sex, says the Bishop, should be available in the libraries of these schools as a matter of course.

Children should be able to consult them without secrecy or shame.



AS A SCHOOLBOY, Bishop Burgmann's education began in a one-teacher school in a North Coast district of New South Wales.

## Interesting People

A/COMDR. F. R. SCHERGER . . . combined command

FIRST R.A.A.F. officer to command combined American and R.A.A.F. squadrons in New Guinea is Air-Commodore F. R. Scherger, of Ararat, Victoria.

Directed tactical air forces which blasted the Japs along New Guinea coast from Wewak to Sansapor. Planned air cover for Sansapor landing. Injured day after landing, he was flown 3500 miles to Heidelberg Hospital, Melbourne, in Hudson ambulance plane.

LADY ELIZABETH SCOTT . . . adventurous war job

DUCHESS of Gloucester's niece, Lady Elizabeth Scott, has exciting war job as member sea-going Women's Royal Naval Service. Crossed Atlantic eight times in recent months. Is now on shore duty in Britain after months at sea.

Elder daughter of Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, she was debutante of 1939. Is descended from Charles II on both sides of her family.

MR. F. J. WOODWARD . . . longer life for tyres

INVENTOR of device for saving rubber, which has been adopted by Army Inventions Board and is now in bulk production for Services, is Mr. F. J. Woodward, an Englishman, now living in Melbourne. Invention is self-adjusting, interlocking canvas sleeve, with rubber corrugations, which fits between tyre and tube to strengthen tyre and eliminate effect of punctures or splits. Can be adjusted to heaviest tractor or aeroplane tyres. Mr. Woodward, formerly Superintendent Armored Fighting Vehicles Production in Australia, adviser to Controller of Rubber.

THE retelling of information in State schools is no more healthy than sectarianism in church schools. We cannot make a nation on present lines."

"The present condition of legal separation has resulted in a purposeless and barren outlook in practically all our schools."

"The retelling of information in State schools is no more healthy than sectarianism in church schools. We cannot make a nation on present lines."

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Web.





**TELEPHONED CONGRATULATIONS** from friends are received by Catherine Grant Davies and fiancé, Lieut.-Col. N. L. L. Palmer, 7th Queen's Own Hussars, when they celebrate announcement of engagement at Prince's. Catherine is youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Davies, of Comfort Hill, Sulton Forest, and her fiancé is only son of late Vice-Admiral and Mrs. N. C. Palmer, of Sussex, England.



**SOCIETY WEDDING.** Lieut. Pierre Mann, R.A.N.V.R., and Mrs. Mann, formerly Mrs. Margaret Collins, at reception at Edgecliff home of bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Hagon. Mrs. Mann is widow of Flight-Lieut. John Collins, R.A.A.F., of Beaudesert, Queensland.



**CAKE-CUTTING CEREMONY.** Flying-Officer Don Griffiths, R.A.A.F., who recently returned from 21 months' service in England, and his bride, formerly Marie Brennan, cut their cake at reception at Usher's Hotel.



**WEDDING WALTZ.** Captain Ron Harrison, A.I.F., and his pretty bride, formerly Private Jo Harrison, A.A.M.W.S., lead guests in wedding waltz at reception at Pickwick Club following ceremony at St. James' Church, King Street.



**PLANS FOR PICNIC SUPPER DANCE.** Peta Ziems (left), Joan Buxton, Marjorie Moss, and Pat Freeman, members of Belhaven Social Group, which supplies baby clothing for Belhaven-Babies' Home, plan dance at Legion House this Saturday.

## On and Off DUTY.

**MY** Melbourne newshound sends gossip of sixth wartime Cup festivities. Know Sydney readers who, because of wartime restrictions, are not able to visit southern city, will be interested to hear highlights of race-week fashions.

She writes: "Victory clothes making optimistic and heartening debut into Melbourne's fashion field. Passing by exclusive millinery salon saw concertinaed bell-topper of navy-blue straw with white forehead brim garnished with red organza ruffled and topped again with navy brim. Three-tiered effect swathed with navy veiling making effect exciting and glamorous."

"Another little victory model—white grosgrain flat-top borel with geranium stiffened net bunched over eyebrow line, with a 1914 motor-ling veil effect of navy net draping nape of neckline—combined naughtiness with patriotism," she adds.

**HONEYMOONERS** Lieut. Pat Molison, R.A.N.V.R., and attractive bride, Diana, have grand time when they visit Pat's home town, Melbourne, after few days' honeymoon at Rex and Noppy Wilkinson's seaside house at Palm Beach.

They return after Derby Day, as Pat's leave is nearly up, and they want to have few days in Sydney before he goes back North.

**EVERYBODY** gave us parties," says Diana, when I telephone her upon her arrival back at Bellevue Hill, home of father, Mr. R. J. A. Massie.

After attending Derby Day at Flemington couple were entertained by Mrs. Chester Guest at her Toorak home. The Olive Leonards, Flight-Lieut. and Mrs. Marcel Dekyvere, who, by the way, have their flat at Clevedon Mansions, also dispensed hospitality to newlyweds.

**BELIEVE** Mrs. Everard Ballieu, formerly Mrs. Betty Osborne, of Sydney, looked lovely at Flemington wearing misty-blue ensemble with white snooded toque, which suited blonde beauty perfectly. Betty and Everard were off for few days' stay at their seaside home at Sorrento.

**HAVING** just returned home to Melbourne from Sydney holiday, Sandra Ballieu entertains friends at Sunday morning drink before lunch party. Sandra skips Derby Day, but expects to attend Cup.

**HEAR** that party given by Mrs. Ailsa Chirnside for brother, Lieut.-Col. Rod Andrews, at Lady Guille's Toorak home, was highlight of race week festivity. Sydney's Major Tony Shepherd was popular guest at gathering.

**SEEN** at the races and at Melbourne's smartest spots are New South Wales visitors Captain Douglas Hill and attractive wife, who was formerly Nancy Stirton, of Ballarag, Moree.

Couple busy settling into flat in East Melbourne. They have been living in Canberra for four months while Doug did special course after being in New Guinea.

**ARRIVING** just in time for sister's wedding, Sub-Lieut. Bill Meehan, R.A.N.V.R., is greeted on all sides at reception following marriage of sister Cecily to Flight-Lieutenant Kevin Long, A.I.F. Bride is younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Meehan, of Waverley.



**CUP WEEK VISITORS.** Alisa Robertson, Nargoon, Gundagai, and her uncle, Dr. G. O. Robertson, of Melbourne and Gundagai (second from left), lunch with Mr. and Mrs. Bertie Beatson, at Windsor Hotel, Melbourne, during Cup Week.



**VISITOR TO SYDNEY.** Mrs. B. Chapman (centre) lunches at Prince's with sister, Mrs. Reg Beltington (right), and Mrs. Margaret Field Jones. Mrs. Chapman, who was attached to New Zealand F.M.C.A. as welfare officer at Lowry Hut, near Cairo, served in Middle East since 1941 until past nine months, when she has been in Italy. She wears ribbon of Africa Star, and insignia denoting mention in dispatches. Hut was presented by her father, late Mr. T. H. Lowry, of Hawke's Bay, N.Z.



**WEDDING TOAST.** Flight-Lieut. Broughton Mutton, R.A.A.F., and pretty bride, formerly Wendy Gill, toast each other at reception at Killara Golf Club following marriage at St. Martin's Church, Killara.

**GRADUATES** of Kindergarten Union Training College will hold dance and supper party at the Town Hall this Monday night, following the graduation ceremony, at which Lady Wakehurst will present diplomas. By the way, staffs of the college and of the free kindergartens will hold exhibition, "Children of To-day and Citizens of To-morrow," this Tuesday and Wednesday at Town Hall.

**HER** many Sydney and Melbourne friends will miss Althaea McTaggart when she leaves to make future home at Oakden Hill, Port Augusta, South Australia, as soon as her husband, Sergeant Donald McTaggart, A.I.F., gets discharge from Army.

Althaea leaves Sydney for visit with her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Gebhardt, at their new property, Euroa, Victoria. Althaea, who was formerly Althaea Drake-Brockman, has been associate to her father, Judge Drake-Brockman, for war years.

**THOUGHTFUL** gesture when Lieut.-Colonel A. Stewart, A.I.F., sends lovely orchids to his future daughter-in-law, Berenice Boland, to tuck in her bouquet when she marries his son, Sergeant-Pilot James Stewart, R.A.A.F., at St. Anne's Church, Strathfield.

**HIGHLIGHT** of London Fair to be held this Saturday at Fairwater, Double Bay, will be performances of "Stage Husbands," written by Bobby Mack and produced by Elizabeth Jacobs. Play will be staged under marquee, named "The Old Vic." Proceeds of sale are for Red Cross. Headquarters Younger Set.

*joyce*





PACKETS OF LUNCH and milk being carried by V.A.s to the train which took Polish children to their camp in N.Z.



POLISH CHILDREN at a camp at Pahiatua, N.Z., enjoying a romp on the grass after their train journey.



YOUNGEST MEMBERS of the 730 Polish children who recently arrived in N.Z. One is with her mother, the other is being held by a New Zealander, who made friends with her on the journey out.

## Polish children find refuge in New Zealand camp

By MARJORIE MILLER

All New Zealand has been stirred by the coming of over 700 Polish child refugees from the chaos of war who are finding sanctuary so far from home. I watched them arrive and travelled with them to their camp at Pahiatua. It was a moving experience.

THESE youngsters are not like the ones we know. They are strangely quiet. A group of them provides none of the usual scuffling and chatter of a child crowd. One little boy stiffened when I put my hand on his shoulder.

There are traces of suffering in their faces; knobby knees and elbows stand out from their thin limbs.

They have been a long time homeless. Most of them are from

Eastern Poland. Leaving there when war spread through their own districts, they travelled through Siberia and other parts of Russia till they got to Peralá.

It was at Teheran that they were selected to come to New Zealand.

On the deck of their ship I saw their luggage—pitifully small, grey blanket-wrapped bundles. Some contained traditional Polish dress, guarded all through their journeyings and brought out for a folk-concert before they arrived in New Zealand.

Most of the boys and girls are fair-haired, many of the girls with plaits and the boys with close-cropped hair.

On the voyage 13 American Red Cross nurses helped to care for the children, many of whom were sick.

"Not with the medicine sickness, you understand, but the sea," they said.

Their real "mother" was a nun, who cheered and nursed them and cared for them all.

There are a few family parties, mothers with as many as six children, and a few fathers, but most of the children have lost both parents.

One is a baby in arms, many are of primary-school age, and a few are boys and girls of 15 or 16.

Formerly a camp for internees, the children's new home is set in the heart of green country at Pahiatua, about 100 miles north of Wellington.

As the trains taking them there from the wharves drew out there began 100 miles of welcome. Wharf-laborers cheered, white-helmeted policemen grinned, office-girls leaned out of windows, cars tooted, and boys on bicycles let go their handlebars and waved crazily.

The children waved back, a queer little flicking wave from the elbow, and smiled in wonder at the greetings.

At intervals along the line whole country schools with their teachers stood in line to wave. One tiny Polish boy waved with special enthusiasm. "I wave not for the child only but for the cow," he said in Polish.

Women with aprons stood at their gates, painters on scaffolding almost overbalanced from the warmth of their greeting; an old man in a dressing-gown stood supported at his doorway to see the children pass, and a young woman, tending a grave, rose to call a greeting.

At Palmerston North, a city with a population of about 20,000, the station was jammed with Scouts and Guides with banners, important-looking Rotary Club members, and Red Cross nurses.

Every hand held a gift. "You show us so much the heart," one Polish mother said to me.

At the little country station at Pahiatua, great Army trucks, their

soldier drivers pop-eyed with excited sympathy, awaited the train.

In pathetically orderly little groups the children walked along the platform and were lifted into the trucks, and the last stage of the long journey began.

Above the camp flew the red and white of Poland's flag, and Polish names were written on the buildings.

A hundred local women had made the beds, and Army cooks had prepared a meal. The long dormitories are well ventilated and steam-heated.

From salvaged material, hutments, each with bedrooms, living-room and bathroom, have been built for family parties.

In the hutments a family meal-table was set, and Waacs delivered the dinner, that night roast beef,

silver beet and potatoes, and a custardy rice pudding. In the messes Army cooks waved anticipatory ladders.

After the meal it was only with the greatest difficulty that the Polish people were prevented from storming the kitchens to wash up.

Children took off their shoes and stockings and began to run about on the grass.

A great storeroom of clothing was ready to be given out; dinner smells drifted from the kitchens; from a dormitory came the happy, bumping sound of small boys at play.

An almost weeping woman hugged a tabby kitten, crying: "Something to give the love!" the rumble of Army lorries died in the distance; the camp had come alive—the Polish children were in their New Zealand home.

## What's on your mind?

### Local health clinics

IF you have ever had to attend the out-patients' department of any public hospital you will know just how distressing the long wait is to many sick people.

Much of this could be avoided if a public health clinic was established in every suburb and country town.

It does seem ridiculous that sick people should have to travel long distances to public hospitals and then have long waits, while there are doctors in their own suburb who, with the necessary Government assistance, could arrange to attend local clinics to attend to those people who cannot afford to pay private consultation fees.

Baby Health Clinics have been of great benefit to the public, and adult clinics would be just as welcome.

11 to Mrs. A. Thornton, 4 John St., Woollahra, N.S.W.

### Children dislike classics

MRS. ADKIN (28/10/44) suggests that horrors on the radio at bedtime should be changed to serials of Dickens' or Stevenson's works.

I beg to explain to her that the modern-day child does not usually enjoy books of these great authors. It is a great pity, but a cold fact.

It would be a good thing, undoubtedly, to bring the children of to-day back into touch with the classics, but something would have to be done to capture their interest.

At present they want the modern "rubbish." If the radio stations did broadcast these good serials, I feel sure that only one child in three at the most would listen with enthusiasm.

5/- to P. Shearer, 51 Gawler Terrace, Walkerville, S.A.

### Save while you can

IN these days when work and money are so plentiful, it is to be hoped that people will save as much as possible for future use—for the young a home or business, and for the older folk a comfortable old age.

It is thoughtless and foolish indeed for people to fritter money away because it is flowing freely now. Many will regret their lack of thought in the days to come.

5/- to Mrs. D. McGrath, sen., Timbarvale, via Coramba, N.S.W.

READERS are invited to write to this column expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 17. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names.

Payment of £1 will be made for the first letter used, and 5/- for others.

The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

### School lunch on ice

AFTER the war I would like to see refrigerators installed in all schools. Mothers instead of packing the usual sandwiches for the children's lunch, could then provide them with jars containing salads and sweets and milk to be put in the refrigerator on arrival at school and handed back to each child at lunch-time.

I feel sure the health of children would be considerably improved in this manner, and in hot weather the kiddies would feel more inclined to eat their lunches.

This service would only take up a few minutes of a teacher's time, and the cost of the refrigerators could be borne by public subscription, or the Mothers' Clubs could run functions to raise the money to buy them.

What do other mothers think of this idea?

5/- to Mrs. Phyllis A. Purchase, Katamatite, Vic.

### Abolish boards?

I HAVE seen orchardists practically forced out of business while we were paying as much as 4d. each for cold-store apples. This muddle, I believe, can be laid at the door of the Apple and Pear Board.

We understand this is a free country, yet growers are not allowed to grow what they like.

While we are told there is a shortage of food, country people see waste all round them—potatoes rotting, carrots condemned because they are too small to comply with the board's requirements. Let's hope the day is not far distant when boards of all sorts will be abolished.

5/- to Cecil Brown, 8 Victoria St., Leichhardt, N.S.W.

until  
**YOU**  
join the Army

The Army needs you. Every fighting soldier is now required for the final smashing of Japan. You are asked to release a fit man for forward service—to get right behind Australia's gallant fighting men—and help hasten the end of the war. You are offered a war job that really matters—and one which will give you a healthy, happy, interesting life and the comradeship of Australia's keenest women and girls. If you are 18 or over—here is your supreme opportunity!



Good pay and deferred pay—Regular leave—Clothing issue and coupons—Valuable technical training—Full Repatriation benefits.

Join the  
**A.W.A.S.**  
or **A.A.M.W.S.**

You can secure full details from the Army Women's Recruiting Depot, Moore Park Road, Paddington (immediately behind Victoria Theatre), or from your local Area Office. Talk it over at home!

### Animal Antics



"A dog collar in your hamburger? Hmmm... now that you mention it, I have missed Mr. Botz."



# As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

**CAUTION, forethought, and hard work will bring much good fortune during the coming weeks to Scorpions, Cancerians, and Pisceans.**

Many Virgoans and Capricornians will benefit also. During the present period these people should seek changes, new projects, or promotion, especially on Tuesday, November 21.

Leonians, Taurians, and Aquarians are advised to be cautious on November 17 and 19, when prevailing influences can prove disruptive.

## The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

**ARIES** (March 21 to April 21): Better times ahead. November 17 (sunrise and sunset) good, rest fair. November 19 adverse. November 20 and 21 poor.

**TAURUS** (April 21 to May 22): Be very cautious this week. November 14, 15, 16, 17 (late), 19, and 21 obstructive. Dodge opposition, losses, discord, changes. Be discreet and patient now.

**GEMINI** (May 22 to June 23): Spend really urgent matters on November 14 (before 7 a.m.) or November 21 (to noon and late evening hours). Remain quiet for some weeks.

**CANCER** (June 23 to July 23): November 12 (evening) fair. November 15 and 18 (to 3 p.m.) good; fair thereafter. November 17 (late afternoon hours) good; rest poor. November 18 adverse. November 20 and 21 poor.

**LEO** (July 23 to August 23): Be patient for matters will improve soon. Meanwhile November 14, 15, 16, late 17 all poor. November 18 adverse. Avoid changes, discord, rashness. Dodge obstructions, delays.

**VERGO** (August 24 to September 23): Peculiar days, so be wary. November 15 (evening) and November 19 (after midday) adverse. November 21 (morning and evening) good. Finalize urgent matters then.

**LINBA** (September 23 to October 24): November 14 fair. November 17 (to 3 p.m.) good; rest poor. November 18 adverse. November 21 (late evening) quite good.

**SCORPIO** (October 24 to November 21): Finalize urgent matters if possible on November 14, 15 (to 10 a.m. to 10 a.m.) and 18 (to 10 a.m.). November 17 (morning and late afternoon hours) very good. November 19 (noon) fair; then adverse. November 21 (to noon) adverse; rest fair.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 22 to December 21): Improvements soon. November 17 (early morning and late afternoon hours) good; evening adverse. November 18 (to 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.) poor. November 19 (after 1 p.m.) adverse. November 21 (to midnight) very fair.

**CAPRICORN** (December 22 to January 20): November 21 (to 10 a.m. to 10 a.m.) good; rest poor. November 15 (sunrise) poor; then good to 9 a.m. November 19 (midday hours) helpful, but from 2 p.m. to midnight adverse.

**AQUARIUS** (January 20 to February 19): Be cautious on November 14 (midday to dusk), November 16, 17, and 19 (after 2 p.m.), and November 20 (late evening). Affairs may improve slightly on November 21, but beware rashness.

**PISCES** (February 19 to March 21): A week of ups and downs. November 14 fair. November 15 (to 8 a.m.) poor; then good. November 16 (to 8 a.m.) good; then poor to 10 a.m. November 17 (evening) adverse. November 18 (midday) good; rest of day adverse. November 20 (late hours) and November 21 (to noon and late evening) very good.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

## MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"This is a sure way to find really eligible young men!"



# Mandrake the Magician

**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, has lost **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, who is champion wrestler of the world. Both Mandrake and Narda thought Lothar too famous to be a servant, but there are regrets on both sides, especially as Mandrake is called to Washington to hear details of an exciting new job.

**SHARPY:** Lothar's manager, tries to cheer him, for Lothar is booked for an important fight with The Grizzly. Lothar is sad when he says good-bye to Mandrake, who has to leave for Washington on the night of the fight. Lothar looks at his diamond championship belt, wonders if he could bear to give it up. **NOW READ ON:**



TO BE CONTINUED





## All-Australian crew brings home 'G for George'

### Veteran bomber going to War Museum

"I could kiss Australia. I'm so happy to be home again," said Flying-Officer G. B. Young, when "G for George," the veteran Lancaster bomber, reached Brisbane.

All eight lads in the crew shared the excitement of F/O. Young when the great bomber touched down after its flight from England.

**I**N the 16 months of its operational life, "G for George" has been flown by 29 different crews.

With a great red G on its nose, and 90 tiny bombers painted on to signify the number of its attacks on Germany, "G for George" is bound for the Australian War Museum at Canberra.

The present crew was assembled for this flight, which began on October 11. The plane made a leisurely crossing. Generator and radio breakdowns delayed its journey in America and across the Pacific.

The captain, Flight-Lieut. E. A. Hudson, D.F.C. and Bar, is 22.

His remark, "It's not as hot as I expected, but a bit dry," as he shook hands with the O/C. of the station, Group-Captain G. E. Douglas, was a typical Air Force masterpiece of understatement, for a raging dust-storm was in full force.

### Modest and gallant

**HUDSON** has an infectious smile. A modest lad, he has a reputation for great gallantry and devotion to duty.

He has completed two tours of bombing operations, the first with an R.A.F. squadron, and the second with the original Australian Lancaster squadron.

"They're all doing well over there, and the end is in sight," he said.

His crew said, "Our pilot did a great job all the way over, and was very considerate to his men. He didn't let anything worry him at any stage of the game."

The second pilot, F/O. F. P. Smith, D.F.C., comes from Newcastle, and was a lorry driver in civil life.

He has made 25 trips over Germany and Italy, and was awarded his D.F.C. in October of last year.

His main concern when he reached Australia was to get his laundry done. There had been no opportunity for laundry since they left Montreal, and they were only allowed to carry 50lb. of luggage.

F/O. W. C. Gordon, D.F.C., the navigator, has been overseas for three years. Married, with two sons, Richard, aged six, and Alan, four, he was an accountant before the war. His home is in Raleigh, N.S.W.

As soon as possible after the war he wants to take his wife for a trip to England to show her all the places he visited.

F/O. T. V. McCarthy, D.F.C. and Bar, is one of the most experienced bomb-aimers in the R.A.A.F.

He has completed two tours in Lancasters. The second included 13 trips to Berlin.

It is said that his favorite song is "It's a hot time in the town of Berlin."

McCarthy is the only member of the crew to wear the golden eagle, the Pathfinder's badge, on his tunic breast-pocket.



PILOT OF "G FOR GEORGE," F/Lt. E. A. Hudson, D.F.C. and Bar, at the controls. Hudson comes from Rockhampton, Qld.

He was one of "Bennett's boys," which gives him a special interest for Brisbane, for it is the home town of Air Vice-Marshal Donald Bennett, chief of Britain's squadrons of Pathfinders, youngest of Britain's air marshals.

### Kept log

**F/SGT. HARRY TICKLE**, the fitter, feels that he has a personal affection for "G for George," for he has been in charge of the bomber's maintenance since it began operations in December, 1942.

He has kept a log-book recording details of all "G for George's" 90 trips.

His home is in Adelaide, where his wife and two daughters, Pat and Joan, live. He has brought them each a sleeping doll.

He doesn't know what he will do in civil life after the war, and said

with a grin, "I'd like to be a wing-commander, or something like that."

The chief entertainer on the trip out, the crew agree, was Sgt. K. A. Ower, fitter, of Telamona, N.S.W. He has been three and a half years in England. "And I only had six steaks in that time," he said. "I could do with a steak and eggs right now."

After service with Coastal Command he was posted to a Lancaster crew.

He has a wife and two sons, Terry, six, and Alan, four, and was waiting to come home when told he was going with F/Sgt. Tickle in "G for George."

None of the boys had much time for sightseeing on the trip out, for at each airport work came first.

Baby of the crew is F/O. G. H. Tindale, D.F.M., from Cremorne, Sydney, who is the wireless-operator-air-gunner. He was 21 in March.

He is the only member of the



SGT. K. A. OWER (left), with F/O. W. C. Gordon, of Raleigh, N.S.W., and F/Lt. Hudson (centre), the pilot, in Brisbane.

crew who made operational flights in "G for George." On one of those three flights over Europe he was awarded the D.F.M.

A bank clerk in peacetime, he was looking forward most to "a good surf at Newport." He was in the wilds of Scotland when he heard news that he was to return with the bomber. F/O. Young, whose home is in Matraville, N.S.W., was awarded the D.F.M. when a sergeant for the part he played in his first operational flight in an attack on the Ruhr.

He was wounded in the face from rock-ack splinters, and became unconscious. Recovering consciousness he found an oxygen bottle on fire and beat out the flames.

### ROCKHAMPTON VISIT

"G FOR GEORGE" originally was intended to take part in the Victory Loan campaign, which has just closed, but defective radio equipment caused delay in the flight across the Pacific. Actual flying time was 73 hours.

A fortnight ago when the Minister for the Army (Mr. Forde) was at a social evening in Rockhampton he was approached by a man who diffidently asked whether it would be possible for the Lancaster to visit Rockhampton, and whether he could know when it was coming.

Mr. Forde was happy to arrange the Rockhampton visit, for the man, an employee of Lakes Creek meatworks, was the father of the pilot, F/Lt. Hudson. F/Lt. Hudson also has a sister and brother in Rockhampton, who was eagerly awaiting the arrival of the famous plane.



CREW OF "G for George," which includes F/Lt. E. A. Hudson, pilot (fourth from left); F/O. F. P. Smith, D.F.C. (Newcastle); F/O. W. C. Gordon, D.F.C. (Raleigh, N.S.W.); F/O. T. V. McCarthy, D.F.C. and Bar (Moss Vale, N.S.W.); F/O. G. H. Tindale, D.F.M. (Cremorne, N.S.W.); F/O. G. B. Young, D.F.M. (Matraville, N.S.W.); F/Sgt. Harry Tickle, mentioned in Dispatches (Adelaide); and Sergeant K. A. Ower (N.S.W.).



# AMERICA RE-ELECTS HER PROVEN LEADER



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, Mrs. Roosevelt, and son James (now a Colonel in the U.S. Marine Corps), leaving the White House for church shortly after first election.

## First term, 1932-36

FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT, 50-year-old Governor of New York State, is elected 32nd President of the United States with a majority of an even million votes over the Republican candidate, Herbert Hoover.

The country is in the grip of depression. With millions of unemployed waiting the streets, the Roosevelt Administration, in the face of much opposition, initiates the "New Deal."

A sum of 3,000,000,000 dollars appropriated for public works provides millions with employment, saves heavy industries. The Agricultural Adjustment Act rescues farmers from ruin.

While carrying out his programme for rehabilitating a nation, Roosevelt is also ably directing U.S. foreign policies in a world already beginning to feel the menace of German and Japanese aggression. He takes steps to establish diplomatic relations with Soviet Union.



MR. PRESIDENT photographed just before his first re-election with a majority of 11 million over Alf. M. Land.

## Second term, 1936-40

RE-ELECTED in 1936, Roosevelt takes steps in 1937 to meet threat of German and Japanese aggression by obtaining increased Congressional Appropriation for United States Army and Navy.

In June, 1938, agents of the Federal Department of Justice expose plot by "Silver Shirts," an American Fascist body, to assassinate Roosevelt.

Four days before Munich he asks Germans and Czechs to end Sudetenland dispute peacefully.

King George and Queen Elizabeth visit Canada in June, 1939, and go to the United States to stay with the President and Mrs. Roosevelt.

At the outbreak of war in Europe Roosevelt pledges U.S. efforts for peace, but warns that "our desire for peace must never be mistaken for weakness." Roosevelt amends the Neutrality Act, which forbade shipment of arms and other war material to a belligerent.



THIS YEAR, with the lines of his face deeper, hair greyer, but his essential personality just the same, President Roosevelt begins his fourth term.

## Fourth term, 1944-48

LEADER of 135,000,000 Americans through twelve of the most momentous years of their history, Roosevelt is re-elected President for the fourth time, with a great majority over Republican Thomas Dewey, Governor of New York State.

A large majority in the Senate and a working majority in the House of Representatives complete the sweeping victory for Roosevelt.

The campaign itself was one of the bitterest ever held. To refute rumors that he was "a tired, sick old man," Roosevelt drove through New York in an open car for four hours in torrential rain.

With his election, American liberals, both Republican and Democratic, believe that American isolationism has been dealt a death blow, and that the way is now open for a new League of Nations, with America in a leading role.



THERE are really two Franklin Delano Roosevelts. The first is a forceful war leader and a brilliant statesman; the second is a warmhearted and kindly man, who by his courage and fortitude overcame a serious attack of infantile paralysis in adult life.

One of Roosevelt's closest friends recently said: "Both the President and Mrs. Roosevelt are instinctively the kindest people I have ever met." A friendly and social couple, the Roosevelts are happiest when one or all of their children are visiting either the White House or the Roosevelt country home in Hyde Park, New York. However, with each of the four Roosevelt sons in military service and a daughter busy with war work on the West Coast, family reunions these days are rare.

As he enters upon his fourth term as President of the United States, Roosevelt follows his daily routine of twelve years with a consistency that is rivalled by few men. His general habits have changed in only a few respects. Whereas he once swam in the White House pool five times a week, he now swims only three times a week.

Stamp collecting is his hobby, and he used to spend several hours a week with his albums. Now he is lucky if he can even look at them. In the old days the President used to attend films shown in the second-floor hall of the White House several times a week, but now he averages about two pictures a month.

His working day begins early, and not infrequently ends about 2 o'clock next morning.



WITH BRITAIN'S PRIME MINISTER, Winston Churchill, aboard warship in mid-Atlantic.

## Third term, 1940-44

ROOSEVELT breaks precedent by being the only U.S. President to be elected to third term of office, defeating Republican Wendell Willkie by five million votes.

At a meeting with Churchill in the Atlantic in August, 1941, the Atlantic Charter is drawn up.

In September, 1941, he signs the Selective Training and Service Act, the nation's first peacetime measure for compulsory military training.

In October he establishes by executive order the office of Lend-Lease Administration to furnish supplies to "any country whose defence the President deems vital to the defence of the United States."

On December 7, two days after Roosevelt personally appeals to Emperor Hirohito to stop the march of his war-lords, Japan strikes at Pearl Harbor.

During 1942-44 Roosevelt's Army, Navy, and Air Force are fighting on every front. U.S. production of war materials is geared to full pitch.

In August, 1942, Roosevelt and Churchill meet at Quebec for what is to prove first of ten war conferences.



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# Silkworm - breeding this woman's life work

This season's cocoons reached high commercial standard

By FRANK SNOW

Miss Olive Aslett, sericulturist (silkworm-breeder), who has produced this season a crop of 10,000 high-grade cocoons, believes that post-war planning should include the establishment of an Australian silk industry.

For 20 years Miss Aslett has experimented in the breeding of silkworms on a five-acre property at Blacktown, 24 miles from Sydney. She supplies seed (eggs) to adults and children in all parts of Australia.

THIS season she believes she has achieved something which could be the nucleus of a new Australian industry—a silk cocoon equal in size and quality to those produced in other parts of the world.

"After 20 years of study and experimental work I am convinced that these cocoons in quality would meet the requirements of the silk industry anywhere," she said.

Miss Aslett divides her time between her city flat and the property at Blacktown, where she has a one-room cottage and outbuildings.

During the season—mid-August to mid-November—she spends most of her time at Blacktown, living in a small room at the back of the cottage.

The cottage is mainly devoted to a set of racks, eight feet high by 14 feet long, which, in season, are the hatching ground for the silkworms.

The framework of the racks, consisting of six rows of partitioned shelves, is interwoven with tree twigs. When the silkworms reach the weaving stage they leave the feeding-trays on the shelves and settle among the twigs.

Every season the racks have to be dismantled and reconstructed. Miss Aslett does this work herself, as well as the planting and care of two acres of mulberry trees.

Some seasons her racks have held as many as 30,000 silkworms.

Miss Aslett has overcome many setbacks, and has laid out a good deal of money.

"I have made this my life's work," she says.

One of the greatest obstacles has been the disease to which silkworms are susceptible. Correct diet, too, is a problem she has solved only after research and experiment.

Periodically she issues pamphlets to schools with whose teachers she is in touch, and occasionally writes articles on sericulture for school magazines.

As Miss Aslett talked she was operating an old sewing-machine, which, with a 7th. jam tin attached, served as a winder for testing the fibre strength of the cocoons.

## Test of strength

THE thread end of the cocoon is run on the cylinder (jam tin). The foot treadle sets the cylinder into swift revolution. If after 50 to 100 revolutions the thread breaks, the cocoon is rejected as not up to standard.

Cocoons withstanding the test are graded good quality.

"If the silk thread lacks strength," she said, "it has no commercial value."

"Apart from the elimination of disease and experiments in feeding silkworms, strength of fibre and quality of the thread have been my main objects. These tests are very gratifying. Only a small percentage of the cocoons is below standard."

Miss Aslett said that four factors had to be taken into consideration in the production of marketable cocoons. These were strength of fibre, general quality of thread, roundness of ends and uniformity of cocoons, and color (cultivation of pastel shades).



State or Federal Governments, she suggested, should investigate the possibilities of establishing an Australian silk industry.

Once the right kind of silkworm stock is available, she contends, it would be feasible.

"An experimental silkworm 'farm' could be established at very little cost. Small plants of up-to-date machinery for reeling and weaving could be imported," she said.

"The development of the silk industry could be linked up with post-war plans for the promotion of the wool industry. In certain spheres of industry the two products are closely associated."

Recently the Federal Government announced the annual expenditure of \$800,000 on the promotion of the wool industry.

America, after Japan's entry into the war, wasted no time in exploiting local resources for establishment of the silk industry.

In three years the U.S. has, by modern industrial methods, developed the industry to a degree where American raw silk can be produced and spun cheaper than it could be done by pre-war Japan, with her dirt-cheap human labor.

To-day America can undersell the best pre-war Tokyo hand-labor price for reeled cocoon thread by 43 per cent.

GATHERING COCOONS from the silkworm racks. Miss Aslett at work at her property at Blacktown. She has devoted 20 years to the study of silkworm-breeding.

Practical sericulture experiments in the U.S. have shown that in some of the Southern States eight generations of silkworms can be hatched annually.

Even in the New York latitude there can be four cocoon-pickings per year, yielding, on small silkworm holdings, an estimated cash gross of 1000 dollars (\$166) per acre.

Huge commercial silk plantations (mulberry trees—main food of the silkworm) are being laid out in several U.S. States.

Plans are under way for the placing of ex-servicemen and retired elderly couples on small silk-growing holdings. In Alabama silkworm culture has been introduced in penal institutions.

One noted American sericulturist

is promoting a scheme for tens of thousands of families to earn their living from individual allotments of one or two acres of land, producing silk.

In Great Britain, in 1930, an experimental silkworm farm was started at Lullingstone Park, County Kent.

Four years after the Kent farm opened it was producing 1500lb. of fine pure silk.

I felt, after my visit, that if some wide-awake politician paid a visit to Miss Aslett's Blacktown farm, he would be able to convince his colleagues that silkworms are something more than a seasonal pastime for young children.

Maybe, in time, Australia, too, would start its own "Lullingstone Park."

## Madras college principal home on furlough

"While racial prejudices and barriers are in some parts of India as strong as ever, women students are working and eagerly looking forward to the day of a united India, free to determine its future form of Government," says Miss Eleanor Rivett, principal of the Women's Christian College in Madras.

MISS RIVETT is in Sydney on furlough after six years as principal of the college.

A recent example of students' interest in politics was the election organised by the history department at the college to decide between the Democratic Party led by Mr. Roosevelt and the Communist Party led by Mr. Stalin.

"After a week of hectic electioneering," students went to the polls, and the election was followed by a successful mock parliament," said Miss Rivett.

"With Stalin as head of the Government, a bill was introduced for the abolition of private industry. Beekeeping, a hobby of some members of the college staff, was excluded from this plan!"

Mr. Gandhi, she said, was still respected and honored throughout India, but many people, particularly the younger generation, were ready to follow a younger and more active leader.

The newly awakened Indian nationalism was evident even in the Students' dress, said Miss Rivett.

Even those who had adopted Western dress had reverted in recent years to the sari, she said.

The favor for the sari was shared by the four European students—three Canadians, and one English girl—who often wore it on special occasions.

Students had played an important

part in relief work in India's 1943-44 year of flood, drought, and famine.

"One of our worst experiences was the flood and Japanese raid in October last year," said Miss Rivett.

"With the bursting of the reservoir and the flooding of the Adyar and Cooum rivers, hundreds of mud huts were swept away and thousands of people made homeless."

"The college, near Cooum River, was saved by the built-up banks."

"With electricity cut off as well as other utility services disorganised, there were no sirens to warn the city of the approach of the enemy aircraft over the harbor."

"Relief parties from the A.R.P. and military services did a splendid job organising distribution of food and accommodation for the homeless."

During Miss Rivett's absence from the college, Miss Elisabeth George, a Syrian from Travancore, is acting-principal.

The teaching staff of the college, which is supported by 13 missionary societies in England and America, consists of four Englishwomen, two Americans, one Canadian, one Australian, and 23 Indians. Before joining the staff Miss Rivett was principal of the United Missionary Girls' High School in Calcutta for 30 years.

The Madras College has a Bachelor of Science degree course in Home Science, first of its kind in India.

This course is specially concerned with nutrition and practical ways of



MISS ELEANOR RIVETT

introducing changes in diet in the face of prejudice and conservatism.

Valuable research is being done in modern, well-equipped laboratories to discover the nutritive value of various kinds of grain as a substitute for rice.

In growth experiments with rats, an "experimental school diet" cheaper than the common "poor Madras rice diet" gave striking and convincing results.

Australian wheat, high in nutritive value, greatly helped to relieve the rice shortage in Madras.

The establishing of a B.Sc. degree in nursing to raise the standard of nursing in India and train sister-tutors and administrative staffs for hospitals has just been decided upon by the University of Madras.

Since the raising of the marriage age of Indian girls to 15, the college has been inundated with applications for admission.

The majority of students married immediately following graduation. Among the others the most popular profession was teaching.

**2GB YOUR FAVOURITE RADIO HIGHLIGHTS of the WEEK 2GB**

<b>SUNDAY</b>	<p>MACQUARIE PLAY  <b>"The Pelican"</b>            Drama—Starring THELMA SCOTT.            Sun., 8 p.m.</p>
<b>MONDAY</b>	<p><b>"The Vagabonds"</b>            The Story of the Strolling Players.            Mon. to Thurs., 12 noon</p>
<b>TUESDAY</b>	<p><b>"Josephine, Empress of Sorrow"</b>            Rich in Romance and Tragedy.            Mon. to Thurs., 12.15 p.m.</p>
<b>WEDNESDAY</b>	<p><b>"Good Neighbours"</b>            Of particular interest to housewives.            Wed., 1 p.m.</p>
<b>THURSDAY</b>	<p><b>"Movie News and Music"</b>            Music with Screen News and Gossip.            Mon. to Thurs., 1.45 p.m.</p>
<b>FRIDAY</b>	<p><b>"Youth Speaks"</b>            Brilliant young orators discuss topics of the day.            FRI., 7.30 p.m.</p>
<b>SATURDAY</b>	<p><b>"Prisoner at the Bar"</b>            Famous trials from the courtrooms of the world.            Sat., 9 p.m.</p>

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# Film Reviews

## ★★ BROADWAY RHYTHM

ANOTHER MGM technicolor musical, gorgeously staged and costumed, with so many stars it is dazzling.

The story is very weak, but is only a string to hold together one star turn after another, so why worry? So many star turns give too much length, and the last half-hour or so becomes tedious.

Tommy Dorsey fans will enjoy his musical background. He and his orchestra have the job of getting the film away to a flying start.

Gershwin song "Somebody Loves Me," put over by Lena Horne, makes good entertainment.

George Murphy, Ginny Simms, and Gloria De Haven hold the thin story together by capable handling.

Other stars are Charles Winninger, Nancy Walker, Ben Blue, Eddie "Rochester" Anderson, and Hazel Scott.—St. James; showing.

## ★★ BRIDGE OF SANS LUIS REY

THORNTON WILDER's famous book is vividly brought to the screen by producer Benedict Bogaus.

The diverting story attempts to solve the riddle of why the Almighty chose five persons to be killed when an ancient bridge collapsed, and is told by a young priest (Donald Woods) in a series of flash-backs.

Akim Tamiroff, as the teacher of drama, gives one of his finest performances, and completely overshadows the rest of the cast. Lynn Bari is attractive, although her acting is patchy. In the important role of the street dancer who has a spectacular rise to fame, To Francis Lederer goes the difficult role of twins—one a reckless sailor, the other a sensitive writer.—Mayfair; showing.

## ★ ESCAPE TO DANGER

ERIC PORTMAN acquires himself well as seeming drunkard who is in reality an officer of the Secret Special Investigation Department, and has the job of trailing Ann Dvorak, intrepid spy.

The two become involved in a queer series of plots and counterplots, embellished with torpedoings, and an odd killing or two.

RKO have packed into 95 minutes

all sorts of thrills for those who like them.

Directed by Lance Comfort and produced by Victor Hanbury at Denham Studios, who were responsible for "Squadron-Leader X." Cast includes Karel Stepanek, Ronald Ward, Ronald Adam, and Felix Aylmer—Civic; showing.

## ★ THE HOUR BEFORE THE DAWN

TOO much too late is main complaint about this spy drama of early war days in England. It has all been done better before.

In bringing this story of Somerset Maugham's to the screen, director Frank Tuttle has had to cope with a preposterous character who is mentally unbalanced by shooting his dog, thereafter refusing to kill.

This ceases to be a personal matter when war comes, and Franchot Tone, as conscientious objector, is detailed to pluck hay.

To add to his troubles he takes as his wife Veronica Lake, Nazi agent, discovered setting fire to a hay-stack to signal Nazi planes whereabouts of secret drome.

Taking law into his own hands,



CHARLES BOYER and his wife, Pat Patterson, with Adolphe Menjou at a Hollywood preview. Since the birth of their son last December, Mrs. Boyer has been kept busy at home, and rarely makes a public appearance with her husband. Boyer's next film will be "Together Again," with Irene Dunne for Columbia.

# Veronica Lake to remarry early next month

By cable from VIOLA MacDONALD, in Hollywood

PARAMOUNT star Veronica Lake has announced that she will marry again on December 11, just one week after her final divorce decree from her first husband, Major John Detlie.

Veronica's second husband will be Andre de Toth, a new director on the Hollywood scene. Although the two have been seen about at nightclubs together, Veronica has achieved such a reputation for being unpredictable that marriage announcement came as quite a shock to us all.

Veronica is 25 years old and has a three-year-old daughter, Elaine. She was given custody of the child when she sued Major Detlie for divorce. Detlie, formerly a film director, is in the U.S. Army.

MGM's film, "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo," starring Spencer Tracy, had its world premiere in Chungking, China. The story is about Major Jimmy Doolittle's raid on the Japanese capital.

AMERICA's popular writer Dorothy Parker has been signed by Constance Bennett to write the dialogue for producer Connee's forthcoming film, "Paris Underground."

STAGE star Tallulah Bankhead confided to me her bewilderment over gaining an inch in height since making "Lifeboat." She is now playing the lead in Fox's "The Catbirds."

"I am well over twenty-one, so am unan to explain the phenomenon, unless it is due to the sulphur drugs which I took when I was ill recently," she said.

RED-HAired tough guy Charles Bickford, who plays the role of a priest in "Song of Bernadette" for Fox, is still in character, as he spends every Sunday afternoon entertaining the boys in the local reform school.

MOVIE actor Henry Fonda's wife showed me a letter she received from her husband, who is in the U.S. Navy, and is now doing shore duty in the South Pacific. In the letter Fonda asks his wife to send him some packets of seeds so that he can start a Victory garden.

COMEDY team of Laurel and Hardy celebrate their eighteenth year together on the completion of their current film for MGM, "The Home Front." They have made 180 films.

AUSTRALIAN actress Dale Melbourne made a smash hit in the stage production of Ibsen's classic "The Doll's House," playing opposite Francis Lederer.

She is Joan Winfield's sister, who is a player at Warner Bros.

Joan says Dale has signed a film contract and will appear in "Green Mansions" shortly. Dale's real name is Dorothy McGillendy, of Melbourne.

FAVORITE star of servicemen in the Mediterranean area, according to British Service newspaper "Crusader," is Metro's lovely Greer Garson.

ANN SHERIDAN was the hostess at a lunch given by Warner Bros. for the crew of a bomber. The crew were veterans of 89 bombing missions.

## OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent  
★★★ Above average  
★★ Average  
★ No stars — below average.

this unbalanced young man strangles his wife and joins the R.A.F.

Binnie Barnes, John Sutton, and Henry Stephenson are involved in these queer doings.—Prince Edward; showing.

## ★ WOMEN IN BONDAGE

PRODUCED by Monogram, this film has a few dramatic scenes, and some good acting from the stars, but the same sordid theme has been done before, and certainly cannot be classified as entertaining.

Surely most audiences must be shock-proof by now, and this film relies only on the horror quality to achieve recognition.

Sympathetic roles go to Gail Patrick, married to a German officer on the Russian front, and Nancy Kelly, spurned by a Nazi soldier.

Gertrude Michael is seen as the ruthless leader of the Nazi youth movement. The three stars struggle hard with the phoney script, but to little avail.—Capitol and Camco; showing.



COLUMBIA PLAYER Jim Falkenberg is thrilled with the young lion cub given to her by her brother, Tom. While making "South of Tahiti," Jim and her brother take the young cub to lunch at the studio restaurant, where he is admired by a friend.

# Me and the Camel

Continued from page 10

WELL, Dr. Elsom came in—not too pleased to see me. I sat in the chair he wanted by the fire. I talked so they couldn't get a word in edgewise. And then I suggested they taught me to play bridge. Before they could say no, I phoned Johnny to make a four.

I made them play bridge with us. I stuck to mother. I sat up (hiding my yawns) till all hours. Dr. Elsom tried to out-sit me. He didn't succeed.

Mother said one night: "You've been at home a lot, Tip. Has anything happened?"

"No, nothing," I said, "except—oh, mother, you see, I can't bear the thought of losing you. Not ever!"

She frowned. "Why on earth should you lose me?" she asked.

But I wouldn't be drawn. "These things happen. There's the A.T.S. and things."

Mother looked thoughtful as she kissed me good-night.

And then once she asked me: "Tip, don't you like Dr. Elsom?"

It was all I could do not to get up and jump for joy.

"Oh, he's all right. For a man!" was what I grudgingly said.

"I think," mother rose at last, "that he's very modest. I've enjoyed his company—I hoped you did, Tip. I think, as a matter of fact, he's the most understanding . . ."

I reported to Johnny next day. "One last effort and the cat is in the bag. Come on over to-night and stick to us—stick it out, Johnny."

Johnny promised he would, and because he'd promised he came, but he told me, in the hall, that Betty Winters had said he could come and see her to-night or else—

"Oh, don't fuss. You can fix Betty Winters any time!"

We were there by the fire when Dr. Elsom came in. Mother looked lovely. Dr. Elsom looked grim; but I saw that he wore a new tie.

"How nice of you to join us," mother greeted him sweetly.

I got out the cards. I tried not to revoke too often. When I started to yawn, Johnny kicked me under the table. The clock struck nine, and half-past, and ten. Dr. Elsom looked up at us, and slapped down his cards.

"Johnny," he said, "be so kind as to go off and lose yourself. Tip," he continued, "oblige me by making yourself scarce. There's something important I want to say to your mother—"

I looked injured to make it convincing, but my heart sang. So I said I'd go over to Johnny's and play his gramophone.

"Good-bye!" Dr. Elsom said. "And don't hurry back."

"Well, we've done it!" I said to Johnny.

I gave them a good half-hour; that should have been long enough. Well, I thought it should. I nipped back through the gap in the fence and started to walk alone up the

dark garden. I let myself in silently. The dining-room door was ajar, and so I saw them in a really efficient sort of clinch, mother meeting and Dr. Elsom masterful, and behind their heads a pot of budding peach. It gave me a pure artistic satisfaction, which is probably why I stood for a second quite still, without the slightest intention or thought of prying.

Then mother spoke.

"Tip isn't going to like it!"

"Oh, confound Tip!" said Dr. Elsom roundly. "Are you?"

I stood rooted to the spot. Mother put up a hand and touched his jawbone, and I heard her say softly: "Oh, Dick—I don't know!" And she gave the slightest soft laugh as she said it, like cello and birds singing and distant chiming. "I never wanted this, Dick. All I wanted—it wasn't much—was a little peace and quiet. I thought I might get it with Tip growing up, but now—now Dick—I've not only got Tip to worry about. I've got Johnny. And on top of that I've got you!"

The ingratitude. The awful, wicked ingratitude. I opened the door and walked out into the night. After all I'd done: "Confound Tip." No, it was too much. After all the trouble I'd taken to bring them together. And mother wasn't even grateful.

And worse—far worse—mother would always think that I didn't really want her to get married.

How could I ever tell her that I'd planned it; that she'd never have brought it off if it hadn't been for me?

I went down to the bottom of the garden and whistled. Johnny came. "What's the matter?"

"It's happened. We've brought it off. But Johnny—but Johnny—"

My voice broke. I couldn't help it. The awful unfairness of things I just couldn't bear.

Johnny came through the gap in the fence.

"What's the matter?"

I told him.

All Johnny did was touch my arm. I swear that was all. And then the awful thing happened. My finger-tips stung. I felt my throat running dry.

"Oh, Johnny!" I said.

Johnny kissed me.

That was the end.

No verandah, no moonlight, no chiffon. But Johnny, our rubbish heap and the Elsom's hens.

No honestly, life's awful. This was the last straw. Johnny kissed and we both knew: Propinquity works.

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ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

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## Movie World

● GENE TIERNEY, exotic, dark-haired actress, photographed in a pensive mood shortly after her return to Fox studio after an absence of nearly a year. Husband Count Oleg Cassini is in the U.S. Army, and Gene retired temporarily from the screen

before her daughter, Antoinette, was born. Gene is now working on the mystery thriller "Laura," with Dana Andrews and Broadway stage stars Judith Anderson and Clifton Webb. Gene has also written a film script in which she hopes to star.





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I never lose time from work now. Those Backaches and Headaches have gone since I have been taking Ford Pills and I can work all day without getting tired.

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Look for the Red Seal encircling every tube.

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## Varicose Sores Banished

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## The Impatient Years...



**1 WHEN ANDY** (Lee Bowman) returns from overseas service, wife, Janie (Jean Arthur), tells her father (Charles Coburn) she wants divorce.



**2 MATTERS** are complicated by Henry (Phil Brown), who in Andy's absence has taken a great interest in Janie and her baby.



**3 ATTEMPTING** to recapture their lost romance, Janie and Andy re-live their whirlwind courtship, starting in cafe where they first met.



**5 WHEN JANIE** falls sick, her father, thinking Andy has tried to poison her, rushes to the hotel to "save" his daughter. Andy receives a telegram ordering him to the hospital immediately for a physical check-up.



**4 RELATIONS** are strained when Andy and Janie register at the hotel for a second honeymoon, and they are regarded with suspicion.



**6 JANIE** explains matters to her father, and they rush to the hospital to find Andy, but he has left.



# COTY

You are promised for after the war more and more beautiful and useful articles at cheaper prices . . . motor cars, radios, refrigerators, aeroplanes.

Coty, for 50 years leader in the creation of exquisite cosmetics and the rarest perfumes, is now preparing to offer you, in the post-war era, ever better, rarer and more lovely aids to beauty and charm.

*Coty*



**7 REALISING** she still loves Andy, Janie is overjoyed when she returns home to find him waiting for her.

## COLUMBIA COMEDY

DIRECTED and produced by Irving Cummings, "The Impatient Years" is an intelligent approach on the part of Hollywood to the problem of wartime marriages. The tense situations, when the happiness of a young couple caught up in the drama of war is in the balance, are lightened by many flashes of humor.



whilst washing her hair at home!

For a long time her hair had been getting darker—gradually going dull . . . mousy. Slowly her outstanding blonde beauty was fading and her fascinating personality slipping away. Then she started to wash her hair at home. And made this remarkable discovery . . . that only Sta-blond can bring back that lovely "lighter" colour to faded fair hair. It succeeds where ordinary shampoos fail—simply because it is made specially for blondes.

You, too, can bring back to your hair that lost golden

beauty . . . you, too, can recapture its lost sparkle and charm. And keep it. For Sta-blond prevents fair hair from darkening and keeps it bright and lustrous always.

No dyes or injurious bleaches in Sta-blond. Its precious Vite F nourishes roots and prevents dandruff.

**STA-BLOND**  
THE BLONDES OWN SHAMPOO



P.267.2





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**STA-BLOND**  
THE BLONDES OWN SHAMPOO





*"Look what Princess Dyes  
and I did!"*



## *I was ashamed of my shabby furnishings*

whenever guests came to the house. "But what can I do?" I asked my sister-in-law. "You can't get new curtains, cushions and chair covers without coupons!" "Why don't you try dyeing them?" she said. "Who me?"

I said, "I've never dyed anything in my life." "But don't you know about Princess Dyes?" she asked. "Anyone can dye with Princess." Our local store is always up-to-date and I found all my favourite colours on the Princess colour card, so I chose the shades you see here, and set off home for a morning's dyeing. I was amazed when I read the instructions in the packet to find how easy it is to dye with Princess. I always had an idea you had to use salt and vinegar and all sorts of things. But you don't with Princess. There's really very little more to do than washing the things except that you use dye and water instead of soap and water.

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CHILDREN'S CLOTHES WITH**

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"O H," breathed

Piper. "She didn't do it. You're sure?"

"Of course. Because she didn't spill the breakfast tray when she found Portland was dead. If she'd been acting she'd have thrown the tray up in the air and there would have been spilled egg and toast and coffee all over the third floor landing. And you can see for yourself that she set the tray neatly on the hall table. Besides, the woman is lazy, and you can't tell me she would go to all the trouble of fixing up a nice breakfast tray when she knew nobody would eat it."

Piper nodded slowly. "What about the girl? Get a line on her?"

"Morna? There's something odd about that girl, Oscar. She hasn't had anything to do here for months—Portland's business is practically dead on account of the war. But he pays her a handsome salary to type a few letters and help him with his hobby of rebinding old books. Portland maybe was not too old to notice that she is about the most breath-takingly beautiful thing since Helen of Troy. But they were both very circumspect when I was round."

"What about the nephew?"

"Not mentioned, except by the housekeeper. She brought me my luncheon on a tray yesterday, and I pumped her a bit. In her opinion young Mr. Sam Portland is a misunderstood, abused lamb, and he never should have been kicked out of the Army."

"Well, well," said the inspector. "We'll see about that." Just then a knock at the door interrupted the conference. Piper opened it, and learned from Lieut. Branch that Sam Portland had been picked up in a coffee shop on Sheridan Square, and that he was now downstairs in the front parlor, handcuffed to a couple of detectives.

"Now we are getting somewhere!" exploded the inspector, as he started for the stair. "You can tag along, Hildegard, if you'll keep mum."

Young Portland turned out to be

a well-fed, brawny youth in a worn tweed suit and a military haircut, wearing thick glasses and a truculent expression. He denied having seen his uncle for six weeks, denied having murdered him, denied everything.

"Then why weren't you at home in your apartment last night?"

"I was!" Portland insisted. "I got up early to go to the park."

"What for?"

"To look at the sun!" burst forth the young man angrily and would say no more.

"Of course you don't know that as your uncle's heir you inherit a quarter of a million dollars insurance, do you?"

Portland kept his silence, but there was something more than surprise in his face at the news, something suddenly wary, thoughtful.

"You quarrelled with your uncle—he was pretty sore because you got kicked out of the Army, huh?"

Portland shook his head. "It wasn't about that at all," he said, and then was silent again.

"Okay," Piper told the lieutenant. "Put him in with the others." He turned, and saw that Miss Hildegard Withers was just entering the room. "Well," he greeted her, "I thought you were quieter than usual."

"I was having a look at the room upstairs," she said. "I knew I wasn't supposed to, but I thought—"

"That room was searched by trained officers!" Piper snapped.

"That's why I thought I ought to have a look," she said, frowning. She started out into the hall, where Sam Portland was being led away. "Yes, definitely the Ronald Molineux type," she decided. "Remember? He mailed poisoned headache powders to a gentleman he disliked. Very attractive to women he was, according to the newspaper accounts."

"All right, all right," Piper grew impatient. "So you got into the murder room. What did you find, if anything?"

"I'm not sure," she said. "Oscar, did you notice the workbench?"

"Of course I did. Portland amused himself by rebinding old books and stamping fancy gold doojiggers on the backs. There were tools scattered all over the place."

She nodded. "A sharp knife and a pair of thin pliers on the floor."

"Exactly. Portland must have been at work when the murderer came in. Oh, I get it. You mean that he must have known the killer, or he wouldn't have gone on working."

## MISS WITHERS

shook her head.

"Not quite that, Oscar, did you ever read of a case where a man, trying to make his suicide look like murder, tied a weighted rope to the gun and shot himself on a bridge, so the gun went to the bottom of a river?"

"Maybe. But no gun got out of those locked windows, nor through the fanlight. There isn't a fireplace in the room, so nothing went up the chimney on a rubber band."

"You're barking up the wrong tree if you think it's suicide. Because Portland couldn't have taken a step after he was shot. He didn't go out and dispose of the gun and then kick himself in the room and die," Piper laughed shortly. "Besides, there is one thing that proves it isn't suicide. The lights in the room were off, and the shades drawn. You know as well as I do that nobody ever wants to die in the dark."

"It wasn't dark, Oscar. Didn't you notice the puddle of melted paraffin on the workbench? He had a candle."

"That was probably to heat the gold leaf that he applied to the book bindings . . ."

She nodded. "But all the same, I don't believe that Charles Portland would have gone on working quietly at his hobby if the nephew he disliked walked into the room. And as for the secretary—"

"Ho, ho!" shouted the inspector. "He certainly would have put down his tools if she came waltzing in. As who wouldn't?"

"Crudely put, but accurate. According to Mrs. Marple the girl was setting her cap to marry her employer, only he had somewhat different ideas. That, of course, may be simply malicious gossip."

"All this is wasting time," Piper decided. "It's the nephew. He stood to gain plenty."

## To Die in the Dark

Continued from page 5

"No doubt. By the way, Oscar, did you notice his haircut? It made me wonder if—"

She shook her head. "I should like to ask him one question."

"You won't get any answer," the inspector told her. But strangely enough, when they were downstairs in the library with the three detained suspects, Sam Portland answered without the slightest hesitation.

"What color was my discharge?" He smiled a twisted smile. "What color would it be? Blue, of course."

"I thought so," said Miss Withers pleasantly. She beckoned the inspector out into the hall again, the lieutenant following. "Oscar, did you notice? When I questioned young Portland just now, the girl pretended not to be interested in the slightest. She kept her head away—but she forgot to breathe until he answered."

Lieut. Branch pushed closer. "Oh, there's no connection between them," he said. "I have been watching, and since he came in the room she never looked at him nor he at her."

THE schoolteacher was unimpressed. She said, "The dog did nothing in the night time, and that was the curious incident." A famous remark of Mr. Sherlock Holmes, Oscar. Any young man in his right mind would stare at that girl, whether he was suspect of a murder or not.

"Hildegard, what in the world are you driving at? First you try to twist this thing into a suicide, and then you try to give that young couple a motive."

"I don't have to try," said Miss Hildegard Withers softly. "They were given one without my help. Oscar, has any search been made of the girl's apartment? And of young Portland's?"

The inspector said he thought that one had or would be made, in the normal routine of the murder investigation, but he would find out.

"Do," urged the schoolteacher. She was sitting in the front parlor, placidly cutting the pages of an uncut first of "Essays of Elia," when the inspector burst in upon

her. "I hate to admit it, Hildegard," he cried, "but you hit the nail on the head! Not at the boy's apartment. Our men drew a complete blank there, except for a trunk full of uniforms, captain's insignia, and so forth. A guy that's kicked out of the Army isn't supposed to keep his uniforms, is he?" Miss Withers thought not. "Well, anyway," Piper continued jubilantly, "What do you think they found in Morna Dewey's second-best hand-bag?"

"A 45," said the schoolteacher's aim. Piper looked blank. "No, not that. But something just as good. It was a duplicate key to the room where Portland was killed! Just luck that they found it, because the key had been tucked down inside a rip in the lining."

The schoolteacher nodded. "But nothing in the boy's room. 'Dear, dear. And I thought I had the entire thing solved. Wait a moment. Oscar, was this house searched?'"

"For the gun, with a fine tooth comb."

"All the same," she insisted, "I never consider a place searched until I have searched it myself." And she marched stoutly upstairs, finally stopping in a disused rear bedroom which appeared to have been Sam Portland's room during the happier days when this was his home.

The furniture proved empty and disappointing, and the closet produced only a set of wood shaft golf clubs, a pair of worn riding boots stuffed with heavy maple boot-trees, and a trout rod.

"No gun," said the inspector. "I could have told you. My boys know how to search."

"And some one knew how to hide," retorted Miss Withers, as she seized the brass ring of the boot-tree, jerked out the wedge, and then pulled out the curved shin piece and the smoothly shaped part which corresponded to the calf of the leg. The remaining part of the wooden tree was supposed to be a wooden foot . . .

The schoolteacher turned the boot upside down and a heavy 45 thudded to the carpet. "The gun, Oscar," she said. "It had to be there, because there was no place else for it to be."

Please turn to page 33

Excuse me—  
glowing health  
comes from  
**INNER CLEANLINESS**  
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When you wake feeling stale and heavy, you need Andrews. A bracing glass will thoroughly cleanse your system. Andrews cleans and refreshes the mouth and tongue, soothes the stomach and relieves acidity. Then it tones up the liver, checks biliousness and gently clears the bowels, correcting constipation. Yes, Andrews means glowing health.

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REMEMBER IT! IT WILL BE BACK  
WHEN PEACE COMES.

TABLE SALT





**HAIR LOW, HAT HIGH.** Brenda Marshall, Warner Brothers' star, wears hair sweeping low to neck, but gains height by curling feathers on black cellophane straw.

## Hats for smooth crowns



**LOVEBIRD MOTIF.** A pair of lovebirds kissing makes central motif for RKO star Gale Storm's headwear. The birds' plumes make graceful halo, giving width.

WITH the coming of smooth-crown hair-do's all sorts of millinery problems arise. No longer can height be gained by upswept pompadours. Instead, it is left for the hat to supply top of head charm, while the hair sweeps low. Where no height is required the idea is to gain as much width as possible. This can be done by the cloche or half-hat, fitting neatly across the back of head, and fastened over the ears with bunches of flowers or ribbons. A central mount from which falls feathers, ribbons or anything gay and dainty is all that is needed to form a halo effect, sitting neatly on the prescribed flat head, and giving width at eye-level.



**BAND BECOMES HAT.** A wide band of starched white lace, a bunch of violets, plus black veiling, make actress Marie Lund's cloche hat, fitting to back of head.

## To Die in the Dark

Continued from page 32

**O**SCAR PIPER picked up the gun. "Government issue .45 Colt automatic, and I don't need a ballistics man to tell me it's been recently fired. There's an Army serial number, too, so let young Portland try to deny it's his." He dropped the weapon in his pocket, patted it.

"You're going to arrest them right away, then?"

"Huh? Certainly I am. Typical murder pattern. Loving couple decide to set themselves up with insurance money. It's perfectly obvious."

"Oscar, you must consider one factor," said the schoolteacher thoughtfully. "Beauty such as that girl possesses is a force, an unusual and dangerous force. It's enough to make me glad that I never possessed it myself."

"Morna Dewey has youth and bloom, but she also has a deeper, more fundamental thing—a synthesis of bone structure and glowing health, of hair and skin and eyes, which makes her walking dynamite." "I know," Piper admitted. "She'll beat the chair. But that is not my funeral. I'm going to haul that precious pair down town and get a confession. Ought to have it all washed up before lunch time. By the way, I owe you something for your help in solving this case. Drop

in the office round noon and I'll take you to Whyte's."

Miss Withers watched silently as the young couple were led away, noting that they still ignored each other with painful insistence. Her face was stony, but if any one had been noticing there was an odd softness in her pale blue eyes.

All the same, she turned up at Centre Street shortly after noon, to find the inspector at his desk. He was in the act of setting fire to a dead cigar stump by means of a desk lighter in the shape of a knight in armor. "Any minute now," he greeted her. "The girl is about ready to break. Got them both in separate rooms down the hall, with the boys working them over. Oh, nothing rough; just questions."

"Did the boy admit the gun was his?"

Piper nodded. "Says he bought it when he was expecting to go overseas with his division, but it was stolen some time after he came back to New York. And the girl denies ever seeing the key before, but she'll get tired of that."

"The bullet that killed Portland was fired from that gun?"

He shrugged. "The slug was too mashed up to see any rifling marks. But the empty shell was marked by

the firing pin of the gun all right. No two are alike."

Miss Withers nodded noncommittally. "You sit here and I'll just step down the hall and see how it's progressing," Piper told her. "If our prisoners are still stubborn we'll have to work the old gag of telling each of them that the other has confessed. That always works. These things follow a definite pattern every time."

He stepped out of the room, carefully closing the door behind him. "You and your patterns!" exploded Miss Hildegard Withers. Then she picked up the desk lighter and stared at it thoughtfully.

The inspector was on his way back down the hall when he heard the shot in his office. He plunged in through the hall door just as the white-faced desk lieutenant and two uniformed men came from the outer office. They all stopped short as they saw Miss Hildegard Withers sitting placidly in the inspector's chair. In one hand she held the cigar lighter, still flaring, and in the other a small pair of pliers which now gripped the empty casing of a .45-calibre shell.

"I'm afraid I've shot a hole in your ceiling," said the schoolteacher calmly. "But I had to demonstrate to you that it's not the gun which kills, it's the bullet. You don't need a gun at all."

"Hildegard, are you out of your mind?" Piper cried.

"On the contrary, I'm very much in it. Don't you see, Oscar? This is how Charles Portland killed himself, except that he held the cartridge pointed at his face instead of at the ceiling. First, of course, he had taken out the ridiculously large insurance policy to set up a motive, and settled the whole thing by planting evidence on the two people he hated most in the world."

"Oh, come, come. You were saying he had a yen for the girl."

"Hate and love are opposite sides of the same coin. If Portland couldn't have her, he wasn't going to see her marry his handsome young nephew. Spite work, Oscar, carried to its farthest, most vicious extreme."

"I don't see it. The bullet that killed Portland was fired from the gun we found hidden in his nephew's boot."

"Was it? Suppose Portland stole the service pistol which he knew could be easily traced to his nephew, took it out into the country somewhere and fired it until it missed fire, which I understand can happen with the best of ammunition? The shell would still bear the mark of the firing pin—and the dud would still go off if held in the heat of a candle flame."

The inspector swallowed, and then a slow smile crept across his face. "Hildegard, I don't know what to say."

"Say it with apologies to those young people," the schoolteacher advised him. "And double apologies to Portland. He got an honorable discharge for physical reasons, presumably eyesight. No man who was kicked out of the Army would keep his hair cut army fashion, nor retain his uniforms and insignia. He was hoping to regain his captaincy, Oscar. No doubt that is why he went out into the park to stare at the morning sun, which happens to be part of a special training for re-

laxing and stimulating eyesight. Many men who are trying to pass Army and Navy tests go in for it."

"I'd better do something about my own eyesight," said the inspector. "And something about my insight, too." He turned. "All right, boys. Turn the suspects loose. And—and ask them if they would step in here on their way out."

Miss Withers smiled expectantly and waited. But nothing happened. Finally she crossed to the door and looked down the hall. "Mercy sakes, Oscar!" she cried. He joined her, to see that, while officers watched in an admiring circle, Sam Portland was embracing the lovely tall brunette.

Piper grinned. "Hildegard, there's the happy ending, the clinch and the fadeout."

The schoolteacher looked again. "Oscar, you might tell your men to take the handcuffs off that boy!"

"O.K.," the inspector said. "But he's doing all right with them on."

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**MIDENE**

*What's a girl to do?*  
**ALLEYNE LESLIE**  
answers some posers



**Q:** Peggy's seen her soldier husband only three days in the past year. Now John, the dashing pilot she used to work with, asks her out. Should she—

1. Put on her pretties and go?
2. Accept, but tell the man all about it?
3. Graciously decline?

**A:** No. 3's your cue, Peggy dear. People talk and, besides, would "he" really like it? Save your fun for his precious leave and in the meantime keep that fresh, orange-blossom look of your complexion by using Erasmic Vanishing Cream. There's nothing like it to protect skin from wind and weather and preserve that soft luscious finish.



**Q:** Sue's known Harry for just ten perfect days; he's on final leave and wants to get married. Should she—

1. Say she's not sure and risk losing him for ever?
2. Fix the wedding-day now and chance being sorry afterwards?

**A:** It's hard to wait when you're in love, Sue dear, but No. 1 is the only possible answer. Make sure he'll adore you just as much next leave by improving the golden moments with regular use of Erasmic Cold Cream. It'll make your skin so soft and satiny that he'll think you more lovely than ever.



**Q:** Jane has one pretty eye on the handsome young welder in the factory. What's her best line to get acquainted—

1. Go over at lunch-break and ask him if he jitterbugs?
2. Plan an introduction through a girl friend?
3. Keep her mind on her job and hope he'll notice her?

**A:** Anything but No. 3 would definitely throw a spanner in the works, Jane. But remember, just because your overalls are workaday, your skin doesn't have to be that way, too. See if Erasmic Face Powder doesn't give you a No. 1 priority with that boy! A girl's heaviest artillery is always her glamour and men fall hard for a well-groomed complexion.



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**The Anti-T.B. £50,000 Appeal**



# Whether you're

## CONSERVATIVE PROGRESSIVE

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Modern architecture will offer to the post-war home builder a wide range of interior treatments in keeping with exterior designs—whether conservative or progressive.

Floor covering to harmonise perfectly with either type of interior will THEN be available in the post-war range of FELTEX, in plain, marbled or patterned shades.

Today we ask you to take care of your FELTEX and to avoid replacements unless your present floor coverings are really badly worn. Supplies available in retail stores today are strictly limited and the range is restricted to very few colours. Don't blame the retailer for this, because production has long been diverted to more urgently required products.

# FELTEX

Product of Felt & Textiles of Australia Limited, Feltex House, 261 George Street, Sydney.





VERY ATTRACTIVE is this front garden with its foundation planting and window-box furnishings. Note massed beds of pansies at foot.

## Brighter front garden

TO brighten up the front of the house the gardener must choose carefully trees, shrubs, and plants that blend with the architecture.

Foundation plantings, window gardens, and massed beds are some of my suggestions.

Foundation planting means the treatment along the base of buildings where it is necessary or desirable to hide unsightly foundations.

Window gardens are troughs made of concrete or metal, or wooden boxes placed on window-sills, casements, or brick or stone ledges.

Note the picture above. The window-boxes filled with red geraniums are a delight, but the foundation plantings of cypripediums are rather overdone.

Generally it can be said that the

gardener should never plant in straight rows anywhere along a foundation. A broken line, with a tall conifer or taxus at each end, one in the middle, and graduating shrubs between, is a much better system of hiding up foundations that are eyesores.

If the garden is to be strictly formal, perennials, biennials, and even annuals may be used in flower beds between the trees. In all cases, however, it must be borne in mind that shrubs and trees will compete vigorously with the lower plants for both nourishment and moisture—and provision must be adequate in both respects.

Choice of subjects rests, chiefly with the gardener, the climate, and the aspect.

—OUR HOME GARDENER.

## WATCH OUT!... ticks are dangerous

● If living or holidaying in our warmer climes don't overlook the danger of picking up ticks from the bush.

By MEDICO

JUST as Mrs. Ellis was leaving my surgery this morning, she said: "My word, the ticks are bad this year, aren't they, doctor?"

"Yes," I replied, "I've had quite a few visits from young victims suffering from tick-poisoning."

"My boy picked up one the other day," she broke in. "He was quite sick as a result, because we didn't realise what it was at first, and my next-door neighbor tells me her lad picked up a tick in the bush yesterday. And I'm told that several dogs have died round here from tick-poisoning. I think people should be warned, don't you?"

"Yes," I said . . . and here I am proceeding to warn all of you who live in our warmer climes where bush and scrub abound.

The tick is a blood-sucking parasite, it burrows its head into the skin and attaches itself until it becomes full, when it falls off.

It injects a poison into the skin, and can transmit germs and disease. When it is partly filled with



WATCH YOUR PETS, TOO. Dogs may sometimes pick up a tick, the usual place being behind the ears or the soft parts of the belly.

blood it looks like a small black grape attached to the skin.

Fortunately, the ticks usually do not attach themselves to the skin for several hours after they have been picked up.

You may, therefore, be able to get rid of them, but only if you hunt carefully through the clothes and examine the skin.

If they have attached themselves don't try to pull them out because they may get squashed. That way infection will certainly occur because the squashing will spread the germs and the poison.

Ticks will fall off the skin when touched with a drop of methylated

spirits or iodine, or if a lighted cigarette is held just near them. The cigarette should not burn the tick. After they have fallen from the body, pick them up in a piece of paper and burn them.

A chronic sore is likely to develop if the tick is picked off and the mouth parts of the tick are left in the skin. The mouth parts look like small splinters in the skin, and it is worth while using a magnifying glass and a pair of fine tweezers to examine the hole in the skin.

Soon after the tick attaches itself there will be a complaint of soreness, or the adjoining lymph glands will become enlarged.

## MEN HAVE NO TIME FOR NERVY WOMEN

Thousands of women are praising Bidomak to-day. Once they were going about nervy, listless, tired, run-down, never feeling really well, always half sick. These nervous disorders rob them of popularity, because even a beautiful face and figure can't make up for nervousness and that awful depressed feeling. Nerve troubles, weakness, jumpiness, insomnia, brain fog, depressed feeling are frequently the result of a mineral deficiency in the bloodstream. BIDO-MAK corrects this deficiency and makes you feel fitter

and brighter quickly. Aches and pains leave you, you concentrate better, work is no longer a burden, play is fun. The whole system is braced up and rejuvenated as a natural result of revitalised nerves and arteries recharged with new, rich, red blood cells and living oxygen. Try BIDO-MAK for 14 days under a money-back guarantee that you will feel stronger and show a general all-round improvement in your health within that time.

3/-

"The Tonic of the Century"

**Bidomak**



## Hands of romance

He was home on leave. The waltz was divine. She was a perfect partner. He told her so. She smiled. He noticed, too, her dainty hands . . . how soft and lovely they felt in his. And then . . . he squeezed her hand ever so gently. He did not know, of course, that a little while back her hands caused her many tears. But her sister's advice, "Try Charmosan hand lotion . . . it's doing wonders to my hands," brought joy to her heart again. And he asked her to dance with him again and again, and afterwards saw her home. So romance blossomed. Thank goodness for Charmosan hand lotion. Use it regularly all the year round . . . this gorgeous, dazzling white liquid cream. Charmosan hand lotion keeps the hands soft, lovely, and attractive. O, with a blessing to the work-worn hands of to-day. Thousands of women sing its praises.

**Charmosan hand lotion**

Non-sticky. Non-greasy. Big bottle, 2/-; Small, 1/-. Sold everywhere.



SELF-RELIANT BABY. Note her realistic action as she attempts to cut her first birthday cake—Maureen Karen Downie, of Harris Park. Her mother takes her regularly to the Parramatta Baby Health Centre; her daddy's on active service.

## ENCOURAGE INDEPENDENCE

By SISTER MARY JACOB.

MUCH has been said lately of the "possessive" mother, the one who over-mothers her child. For selfish reasons she wishes it to be dependent on her all the time.

She does not encourage habits of self-help early in life, and fails to recognise the fact that a child who is over-mothered does not make happy adjustments to his fellow-beings in adult life and become a good citizen.

A leaflet giving hints on encouraging self-reliance has been prepared by the Mothercraft Service Bureau, and will be forwarded if a request with a stamped addressed envelope is sent to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 488W, G.P.O., Sydney. Please endorse envelope, "Mothercraft."

WHY ENDURE ANOTHER Egg Shortage

PRESERVE NOW

Eggs are plentiful for a short time only. Act quickly. Use OVO, the safe Egg Preservative. 52 years' success. Easy and clean.

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## There's something in THIS name . .

Yes, the term "ARCHLOCK" has a definite meaning, and an important one! By a special device, the Built-in Arch Support in every Bedgood Balanced Foundation Shoe is securely "locked" in place, and cannot shift under the weight of the foot. ARCHLOCK Shoes are made in Multiple Fittings from AAA to EE, and are priced at 40/- and 8 coupons.

Because of transport difficulties, only limited supplies are available in N.S.W.

**ARCHLOCK**

BALANCED FOUNDATION

by **Bedgood**





# How to live happily on 112 coupons a year



**1** Some husbands are born careless. Others are just unlucky. The point is that accidents, like this, eat into the coupons you've earmarked for linen replacements.



**2** When linens tear you can set them on their feet for a few more months with a needle and thread. It's patriotic to do so, but it's more patriotic to hunt-out the real nigger-in-the-woodpile.



**3** Here's one of them! Old man Scrubbing Brush! You may not use a brush yourself, but if you rub clothes hard that's just as bad for threads. Hard rubbing is far more damaging to linens than actual wear.



**4** When you wash with Velvet Soap, the dirt streams out with very little help from you. It's only when you use a poor-quality soap that you have to rub and scrub to make up for its weak, wishy-washy lather.



**5** No wonder clothes look bright and perkyl! Velvet, with its extra soapy suds, is like life insurance for grimy towels and shirts. No more weak threads to put an early end to their days! Velvet makes clothes last to a ripe old age.



**6** Happy days are here again! High words over coupon planning are over. Yes sir, they're on Velvet now! If you want to stretch your coupons and save your clothes, you'll use Velvet, too.

Started spring-cleaning yet? You'll find Velvet Soap a great help in washing paintwork, cupboards, picture frames and for all the odds and ends around the house.





# Sweets... ...luscious and cold



A SWEET as fragrant and refreshing as a garden breeze in the cool of the evening... shredded pineapple and lime cream served cold and quivering with feather-light honey patties.

● Here are airy confections for the warmer weather... fragrant to the palate... refreshing with their cool colors and smooth, light textures... delicious to eat.

By OLWEN FRANCIS

Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

CREATE these sweets in the early morning... family just beginning to stir... kitchen window wide open... the quiet air sweet and cool on your face.

Serve them cold and quivering on the spoon at the evening meal... satisfying for summer appetites... refreshing for jaded, heat-weary workers.

A word to the wise who would minimise their summer kitchen work and yet wish to serve attractive meals to their families.

Be familiar with your basic recipes. A few basic recipes can be transformed into a great number of tantalising varieties.

For jellied sweets remember one rounded dessertspoon gelatine is sufficient for half pint liquid, such as fruit juice, milk, or wines. The gelatine must be dissolved in a hot liquid.

To make a creamy jelly whisk the liquid when it is nearly set, adding for further variety in texture and flavor egg-whites (2 to 1 pint jelly) or cream. Do not over-chill jellies or set too stiffly.

Cornflour sweets must be light and quivering on the spoon. Two tablespoons cornflour is sufficient for 1 pint of milk. For a good flavor, cook over boiling water for 10 minutes after boiling.

Baked and steamed custards lend themselves easily to a great variety of service. Two eggs are sufficient for a half-pint of milk. Try chocolate, coffee, and caramel flavors or delicate natural essence of orange or lemon rind. Serve very cold.

**PINEAPPLE AND LIME CREAM**  
One cup custard, 1 cup shredded pineapple, 1 pint water, 1 packet lime-jelly (1 pint size).

Cook pineapple in the water for 20 minutes. Add the lime jelly and stir until dissolved. Strain off 1 cup of the liquid and set in the bottom of a jelly mould. When the remainder of the jelly is beginning to set whisk in the custard and pour into the jelly mould on top of the clear jelly. Chill until set. For four.

## ICED QUEEN TRIFLE

One half sponge sandwich, 2 cups custard made with egg-yolks and flavored with grated lemon rind, about 2 tablespoons black currant jam, 2 egg-whites, 2 tablespoons sugar.

Place sponge cut in wedges in a greased pie-plate. Pour custard on top. Spread with jam, whisk egg-whites to meringue with sugar, and spread over jam. Bake in slow oven until delicately browned. When cold, chill in coldest part of refrigerator. For four.

## PEPPERMINT CORNFLOUR CREAM

(With Chocolate Frosting)

One pint milk, 1 tablespoon sugar, 2 tablespoons cornflour, 2 or 3 drops peppermint essence, 2 egg-whites, about 2oz. block chocolate.

Blend cornflour with a little cold milk, stir into remainder of milk heated with the sugar. Stir until boiling and cook over boiling water for 10 minutes. Cool slightly and whisk in stiffly beaten egg-whites and peppermint flavor. Pour into mould and chill until set. Melt chocolate over hot water; do not allow to boil or become very hot. Turn out cornflour mould and pour the melted chocolate over it. For four.

**HONEY FLUFF WITH BANANAS**  
Half-pint hot water, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, 3 tablespoons honey (or more to taste), 1 table-

spoon lemon juice, 1 pint cold water, about 4 bananas, cinnamon.

Dissolve gelatine in hot water; add honey and lemon juice and cold water. Chill, and when beginning to set whisk until thick and foamy. Spoon on top of sliced bananas, lightly dusted with cinnamon. For three or four.

## CHOCOLATE MARSHMALLOW CREAM

One dessertspoon gelatine, 1 cup cold water, 1 cup boiling water, 4 egg-whites, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 4oz. block chocolate.

Soak gelatine in cold water and dissolve in the boiling water. Add sugar and stir until dissolved. Cool, add chocolate which has been melted over boiling water. Whisk in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Chill until set. Pile into individual sweets glasses, topping with fruit or custard. Delicious with bananas. For four.

## ICED PEAR COMPOTE

(With Cinnamon Wafers)

Four pears, 1 cup water, 1 cup claret or muscat, a strip of lemon rind, 4oz. sugar, 2 sprigs mint, 1 teaspoon arrowroot or cornflour.

Halve, peel, and core pears, but leave on stem. Make a syrup of water, claret, and sugar. Add mint and pears. Cook gently in lidded pan or casserole. When tender, lift pears on to service dish and thicken syrup with the arrowroot, boiling and stirring well until quite clear. Cool, and then glaze pears with this syrup. Serve icy cold with water-thin and crisp cinnamon biscuits. For three or four.

## PINEAPPLE MINT SHERBET

One and a half cups pineapple liquid (strained liquid, in which rind and core of pineapple have been boiled for 20 minutes), 1 cup sugar, 1 cup shredded pineapple, 1 teaspoon gelatine, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon chopped mint, 2 egg-whites.

Simmer pineapple liquid, shredded pineapple, and sugar for 15 minutes. Add gelatine, and stir until dissolved. Add lemon juice and mint. Freeze in refrigerator trays for 1 hour. Turn into bowl, add egg-whites, and whisk well. Return to refrigerator ice-trays and freeze. For four.

## HONEY PATTY CAKES

Two tablespoons honey, 1 table-spoon sugar, 2oz. shortening (butter or substitute), few drops vanilla or 1 teaspoon grated lemon or orange rind, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons milk, 4oz. self-raising flour.

Cream honey, sugar, shortening, and flavoring. Beat in egg, and lightly stir in sifted flour and milk. Cook in small, greased patty tins in moderate oven (375deg. F.) for 15 minutes.

## CHILLED CARAMEL CREAM

Three ounces loaf sugar, 1 cup water, 1 pint milk, 1oz. soft sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 2 or 3 eggs.

Dissolve loaf sugar in the water, and heat slowly to caramelise to a rich brown. Pour caramel at once into a 1-pint aluminium mould, which is hot and dry. Coat mould all over, and leave until cold and set. Beat eggs and pour on the milk, which has been warmed with the sugar. Add vanilla and pour

into prepared mould. Cover with greased paper, and stand in a dish of warm water, placing both dishes into a slow oven (325deg. F.). Cook slowly for 1 to 1½ hours. Allow to stand for 5 minutes. Unmould, and leave until cold.

## CINNAMON WAFERS

Two ounces sugar, 2oz. shortening, three drops vanilla, 1 egg-yolk, 4oz. plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 egg-white whisked to meringue with 1 tablespoon sugar and good pinch of cinnamon.

Cream sugar, shortening and vanilla. Beat in egg-yolk and stir in sifted flour, baking powder, and cinnamon. Roll to thin sheet, trim edges, spread with beaten egg-white, and cut into finger strips. Bake in moderate oven (325deg. F.) until crisp and pale brown, about 10 minutes. Store in air-tight tin when cold.

## RHUBARB AND PASSIONFRUIT FLUMMERY

One tablespoon gelatine, 2 cups rhubarb juice, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 cup drained stewed rhubarb, pulp 3 passionfruit, sugar to taste.

Soak gelatine in 1 cup juice. Blend flour to smooth paste with a little juice. Heat remainder of juice. Stir in flour, bring to boil, and simmer 2 or 3 minutes. Add gelatine, stirring until dissolved. Add rhubarb and passionfruit. Cool and whisk until thick and creamy. Serve very cold.

## FOOD FACTS

● Findings from recent research in nutrition

ESSENCES give a more even and lasting flavor to cakes and cookies if they are added to the fat when it is being creamed.

THERE is no reason to believe that refrigeration affects the nutritive value of eggs.

FROM available evidence, vitamins A and D appear to be well-preserved in canned foods.

STRAWBERRIES can be ranked with oranges and grapefruit in vitamin C content. One generous portion of fresh strawberries is enough to furnish the day's requirement of vitamin C.

CHERRIES are a good source of vitamin A, ascorbic acid, and minerals.

NEW potatoes have a markedly greater ascorbic acid content than matured potatoes.

A LUNCH period is too short if it does not give the worker time to leave the workroom, wash, eat a well-balanced meal, and have a few minutes of leisure after the meal.

THE only method of preparing potatoes which showed no ascorbic acid (vitamin C) loss was steaming in their skins.

CABBAGE is a rich, cheap source of vitamin C; 2oz. raw cabbage contains about as much vitamin C as 4oz. of cooked cabbage. Use raw cabbage in salads.

TURNIP greens, cooked correctly, as for green vegetables, will supply 15 to 33 per cent. necessary daily quantity of calcium and 10 to 20 per cent. of the iron allowance.

SCIENTISTS point out the danger of unsupervised vitamin therapy and doses of vitamin concentrates to children without medical supervision.

THE oven method of preserving fruits and vegetables is not recommended owing to the possibility of under-processing due to slow rate of heat transfer from air and uneven heat distribution in the oven.

THERE is no difference in the nutritive value of red and white meats.



# Pimples Go Cause Killed in 3 Days

The very first application of Nixoderm begins to clear away pimples. The Nixoderm to-night and you will soon see your skin becoming soft, smooth and clear. Nixoderm is a new discovery that kills germs and parasites on the skin that cause Pimples, Boils, Red Blotches, Eczema, Ringworm and Eruptions. You can't get rid of your skin troubles until you remove the germs that hide in the tiny pores of your skin. Get Nixoderm from your chemist or store to-day under the positive guarantee that Nixoderm will banish pimples and clear your skin soft and smooth or money back on return of empty package.

**Nixoderm 2/- & 4/-**  
For Skin Sores, Pimples and Itch.

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Safeguard all you can spare from limited egg supplies now available for future use. Preserve with KE-PEG.

100 LBS WILL PRESERVE 25 DOZ. EGGS

Just rub it on. Used straight from jar—no mess—no waste, easy storage! Costs less than 1d. doz. All Grocers.

REFUSE IMITATIONS—

**FULL SUPPLIES OF AUNT MARY'S BAKING POWDER AVAILABLE FROM YOUR GROCER!**



**THIS PASTRY TURNOVER** has a filling of creamed brains and is delicious hot with vegetables or cold with salad. (Right) A light sponge cake does not require butter. Use 1 cup self-raising flour to 1 cup sugar, 3 eggs, 3 tablespoons hot milk or water.

## Sweets for dinner and savories for lunch

• The kitchen-tested recipes are prize-winners from home-making readers. What is your latest culinary success? Send it in. It may win you a cash prize.

**H**OT mulberry cake would be luscious, satisfying fare after a salad main dish or light entree.

For personality plus, top it with ice-cream instead of sauce.

The new apple betty is a simple little sweet, but would grace any menu. It, too, is served hot; the juice of the apple softens the figs and soaks into the bread and butter. It's good.

### HOT MULBERRY CAKE

One cup fresh mulberries, 1 1/2 cups self-raising flour, 2 eggs, 2 dessertspoons butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon salt.

Beat egg-yolks, add milk, sugar, flour, and salt, beating to a smooth batter. Add the butter melted in 1 tablespoon hot water. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites and pour

into greased cake-tin. Put mulberries in thick layer on top, and sprinkle with sugar. Bake 20 minutes in a hot oven. Serve hot with custard or sauce flavored with crushed mulberries.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. M. McGill, Glen-Lee, Wymston Parade, Fivedock, N.S.W.

### NEW APPLE BETTY

Two slices buttered bread, 2 cooking apples, a few dried figs, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 dessertspoon butter.

Cut bread into finger strips or small triangles, and place in bottom of greased oven-dish. Peel, core, and halve apples, and stuff each half with chopped figs. Place on bread, figs downward, and smother with brown sugar. Dot with butter and cover tightly. Cook in a moderate oven about 30 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. N. Shields, 13 Mitray Ave., Wollstonecraft, N.S.W.

### CHEESED SPINACH PIE

Two bunches spinach (cooked and well drained), 1 cup milk, 1 lb. grated cheese.

Place in pie-dish and bake until cheese is melted and slightly browned. Cover top with more grated cheese and thin strip of bacon. Bake in a moderate oven until bacon is golden brown. Serve alone as a luncheon dish or with any meat-dish.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss C. Brown, 176 Wattletree Rd., Malvern, Vic.

### SAVORY RABBIT

One rabbit, scraps of bacon, 1 cup milk, seasoning, 8oz. coarsely grated raw potato, 1 tablespoon flour, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 1 small onion, 1 egg, 1 dessertspoon mixed herbs, salt and pepper.

Wash rabbit well in salted water. Joint it and place in a casserole dish. Add bacon, milk, salt, and



**PLAN THE DATE** now for a preserving programme. Early summer fruits give the best results. Above you see Marta Linden, MGM star, busy with her preserves. Write to our Cookery Department for advice.

pepper. Mix all the seasoning ingredients and spread over the rabbit. Bake in a moderate oven 1 1/2 to 2 hours.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Elham, 414 Malabar Rd., Maroubra Bay, N.S.W.

### PAPAW SURPRISE

One large firm papaw, 2 bananas, 2 oranges, 1 apple, 1 pear or peach, 1 cup cherries (when in season), juice 1 lemon.

Peel papaw, cut in halves, remove seeds and centre. Trim ends so that the halves will stand up. Chop fruits, add 2 tablespoons sugar, and fill into papaw halves.

Make 1 pint lemon or lime jelly; when cool, pour over fruit in the papaw and chill until set. When thoroughly chilled, cut into thick slices and serve with ice-cream or custard.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. Dayton, P.O. Box 1, Chippendale, N.S.W.

### PINEAPPLE AND CORNFLOUR MERINGUE

One pint milk, 2 tablespoons cornflour, 1 cup tinned or fresh pineapple (shredded or chopped), 1 teaspoon butter, 2 eggs, castor sugar, pinch salt.

Heat milk with butter and pinch of salt. Blend cornflour with a little pineapple syrup and stir into

hot milk. Stir until boiling; simmer 5 minutes. Remove from fire, beat in egg-yolks, sugar to taste, and few drops vanilla. Place pineapple in bottom of greased pie-dish. Pour cornflour mixture over pineapple and bake in moderate oven until lightly browned. Whip egg-whites to stiff meringue, slowly adding 2 tablespoons sugar. Pipe meringue on top of the pudding, return to slow oven until set and delicately browned. Serve hot or cold.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. Le Mesurier, 62 Cook Rd., Centennial Park, N.S.W.

## Stop Kidney Poisoning To-day

If you suffer from Rheumatism, Sleepless Nights, Leg Pains, Backache, Lumbago, Nervousness, Headaches and Colds, Dizziness, Circles under Eyes, Swollen Ankles, Loss of Appetite or Energy, you should know that your system is being poisoned because germs are impairing the vital process of your kidneys. Ordinary medicines can't help much because you must kill the germs which cause these troubles, and normally stop troubles by removing cause with Cystex—the new scientific discovery which starts benefit in 3 hours. Cystex must prove entirely satisfactory and be exactly the medicine you need or money back is guaranteed. Get Cystex from your chemist or store. The Guarantee protects you now in 2 sizes: 4/-, 8/-.

Guaranteed for Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism.



**"It makes quick work of dirt!"**

It doesn't take a lot of hard work and hard scrubbing to clean with Bon Ami! In fact, it's a pleasure to see the quick way Bon Ami makes porcelain shine. For Bon Ami is free from scratchy grit and strong alkalis. That's important—because it means that Bon Ami helps keep things smooth and shining. Makes even the hard cleaning jobs easier.

**Bon Ami**  
polishes as it cleans

"hasn't scratched yet!"

**Evan Williams**  
shampoo  
**PROTECTS. PRESERVES. BEAUTIFIES.**

## Miss Precious Minutes says:

**H**ERE'S an easy way to freshen up your rugs: Bring to the boil about one gallon of water to which five or six tablespoons of salt have been added. Go over rug with vacuum cleaner or clean with stiff brush, then rub over rug with cloth wrung from the brine. Re-dip cloth frequently in brine.

**N**O handyman round and you do want to use that leaky bucket or water-can . . . Turn it upside down, give coat of enamel, and, while still wet, place a piece of linen smoothly over bottom, then apply second coat of enamel and leave to dry.

**B**EFORE you wash that pretty silken scarf of yours, let it soak for a time in a bowl of cold water to which a teaspoon of Epsom salts has been added.

**A**N easy way to restring a graduated necklace of beads is to work from the middle, beginning with the largest bead, and graduating on each side as the threading proceeds. Soap the thread to make it easier to negotiate the tiny holes.

**I**F drinking glasses have become stuck one inside the other and are difficult to separate, fill the inner glass with cold water to make it contract, and place the outer glass in hotish water to make it expand.

## "WHEN I'M CLEANING WINDOWS"



—and that's all day to Mrs. May Bear, who gives a polish to hundreds of railway carriage windows every day of the week. Just think of the energy and elbow grease needed to clean all the windows on a whole train. But a cup of hot Bonox quickly puts Mrs. Bear back on her toes. Bonox sends new vitality racing through the whole system, guards against fatigue and builds up resistance. Keep your head above the 'flu line this Winter . . . drink Bonox every day—steaming hot Bonox.





## To work in comfort, more time for leisure ...

Riding a Malvern Star is a sheer delight and very much the vogue amongst Australia's leading society women these days. It's the sweetest running bicycle on the road, giving you a new zest in life, a new healthy sparkle in your eye, a new, becoming slimness. It saves hours of time and provides lots of opportunities for exhilarating spins to the seaside at the week-ends and for shopping or visiting. Select a Malvern Star to suit your new ensemble. Ladies' models are finished in beautiful, duo-tone enamel with smart peakings. "Floating Comfort" multi-spring hide top saddle. Chain guards are streamlined and dress guards are strongly corded in toning colours. B.S.A. fittings at slightly extra cost. Every Malvern Star is **GUARANTEED FOR EVER.**

Call today on any Bruce Small Branch or Malvern Star agent and arrange for prompt delivery. There is a Malvern Star model for every member of the family.

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Malvern Star has established 80 Branches and 600 Agencies throughout Australia  
to provide for all your cycling requirements.



## Soothe that itch! INSECT BITES

About a fortnight back I had a weekend's fishing. Unfortunately, most of the bites I got were from mosquitoes and sand flies.

By the time I went up to the store they were irritating, like the very dickens. Luckily, old Fred had Rexona Ointment in stock.

I know it's easy enough for blondes to get in if you neglect a bite. So that night I smeared Rexona over the red, swollen places.

By next morning I'd completely forgotten about those bites. You bet I put a jar of Rexona in my kit every time I go fishing now.

**THE RAPID HEALER**  
**Rexona**  
**OINTMENT**  
**1/6**  
A JAR  
Rexona's SIX healing medicaments make it the perfect remedy for all skin troubles.

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THE EMPIRE'S FAVOURITE CIGARETTE



**CAPSTAN**

Also Special Mild and Full Strength

It's your fight—YOUR money is needed NOW.  
Buy War Savings Certificates and 5/- National Savings Stamps.

## Soak Comfort into Tender Skin

Even one application coaxes back lasting softness. Use Hinds faithfully. Take a bottle wherever you go. There's a handbag size for only 1/1.

Quick acting  
**HINDS** HONEY & ALMOND CREAM  
for Honeymoon Hands



**HINDS** HONEY & ALMOND CREAM

KAY went in and quietly seated herself in one of the huge carved chairs that ranged round the room. Tom sat down on one side of her, and Jane on the other.

"My guardian angels," she murmured to them with a small twinkle. There was a commotion at the door, and a uniformed chauffeur pushed a wheel-chair inside. Silence settled over the room. Surprise was obvious. Lucien Whitney, never more gentle and smiling, enjoyed being the cynosure of all eyes.

Dr. Hogarth, the portly president of the staff, hurried forward.

"This is good of you, Mr. Whitney. We are delighted that you could come this evening." He turned to the physicians gathered in the room. "Gentlemen, you all know the president of our board of governors, Mr. Whitney, I think. Possibly you have not met the newest member of our staff, however, Mr. Whitney. Dr. Prescott, may I introduce Mr. Whitney?"

Katherine bowed. "I have met Mr. Whitney," she said into the sudden stillness.

Her eyes met his for one long minute. It was like the clashing of swords. She knew then there was to be no armistice, no quarter. "Very well, then, let it be like that," she said, wishing she might say it aloud.

The old man bowed his head, veiling his glance under the curious stares of the other men. They all knew that he was Eunice Williams' grandfather and that Kay had married the man who had been engaged to her. They would have been less than human had they not recognised drama here and expected by-play of one kind or another.

"We might as well begin, I think. Most of us are here," Dr. Hogarth

Continued from page 7

said. "Will you come up here by the table with me, Mr. Whitney?"

"Perhaps," Lucien Whitney said gently, "perhaps it would be well to explain to the gentlemen . . ." he inclined his head, "and to the ladies, of course, just why I am here, Dr. Hogarth. I shouldn't want it thought I was intruding on a staff meeting, the province of the physicians of the hospital."

"The last thing in our thoughts, sir," Hogarth boomed. He was a heavy, friendly individual with a fat, round face and baby-blue eyes which were not quite as naive as they seemed. "As you know, ladies and gentlemen, usually the president of the staff and the president of the governors confer on any matters that concern the two boards, their actions and discussions. In this case, however, we have a question involving the expenditure of a considerable amount of money. Mr. Whitney thought . . . I thought . . . it might be well if the governors could become acquainted with our general attitude directly."

"He was right to say 'Mr. Whitney thought,'" Katherine said to herself shrewdly. "I wondered how Lucien would manage that!"

AFTER the routine matters of business were disposed of, Dr. Hogarth said: "And now for the chief business of the evening. Dr. Prescott has forwarded to me a suggestion of Dr. Clay, one that I think is extremely important. Dr. Prescott, would you care to state Dr. Clay's proposition?" Katherine rose.

"I should be glad to do so," she said. "It, briefly, is this: A suggestion that further endowment be made so that a larger number of beds be made available for the treatment of Addison cases. Dr. Clay feels that the results produced here have put this hospital in the lead, but, as you know, the treatment is expensive. If we are to accept the patients who are constantly writing in asking about the possibility of admission, we need at least half a dozen additional beds. It is Dr. Clay's suggestion that these be allotted. The secretary has, I believe, a letter from him to that effect."

"Thank you, Dr. Prescott. That is clearly put and covers the matter adequately," Hogarth said. "Dr. Clay's suggestion is pertinent, I think. You are familiar with his work. This hospital has had considerable recognition in this field, as you are aware, gentlemen. What recommendation do you wish to make?"

"What is the approximate cost?" a physician in the back of the room asked. "Is it commensurate with the good that can be done? We're pretty crowded."

"I think the governors will have to decide that," Hogarth said. "Naturally we will make available to them a list of costs. In general, however, I think we can say it is no larger cost than is found in any other very specialised and experimental field where we are feeling our way."

"Why not let them have what they want, then?" Dr. Emmerson, one of the best of the diagnosticians, said. "With Clay in general charge we can't afford not to take all advantage of the research already done. Especially as we will benefit by anything else he is working on now."

"Yes, and, of course, a certain amount of prestige is involved," Hogarth answered. "We already are a step ahead. It seems too bad to lose our initiative."

At this point Dr. Matthews leaned forward, his small, expressionless face looking very much like that of a ferret.

"Oh, come now," he said in half-jocular voice that did not conceal a deadly intent, "aren't we over-estimating this prestige business? Especially since that black eye we got yesterday? I must say I don't think our Addisons are too well handled."

"You handle 'em yourself, Matthews, don't you?" someone broke in. "What about it?"

"Oh, assuredly not," Matthews answered smoothly. "To be sure I do the routine stuff. But only under explicit orders received from those in charge."

Hogarth looked at him speculatively. Katherine sat rigid in her chair. Tom crossed and uncrossed his long legs.

So this was it!

## Dr. Clay's Wife

"I'm afraid, sir," Hogarth said pointedly, "I shall have to disagree with you."

Lucien Whitney, near whom Matthews was seated, interrupted.

"I expect our resident refers to the unfortunate loss of prestige we suffered yesterday," he said gently. "Not that I am implying culpability, you understand, but . . ." his voice trailed off, leaving behind an unspoken but definite innuendo.

Katherine leaned forward. "I think it might be well to ask Dr. Matthews and Mr. Whitney precisely what they are implying," she said clearly. "Perhaps that will give us a basis for discussion."

Dr. Hogarth's keen glance swept the three of them. "Naturally," he said. "Will you be more definite, please, Dr. Matthews? To what do you refer, exactly?"

Matthews was somewhat taken back by the frontal attack, but he rallied immediately. "To the death of our prize Addison case, Mrs. Keller," he said. "Medical circles were watching that case. If the treatment was not successful with her, surely we are not warranted in extending a useless experiment."

"I think," Kay said steadily, "we may say that the treatment for Addison's which Mrs. Keller received was entirely successful from a medical standpoint. She would have died of tuberculosis in any event. That could not be forestalled by anyone. The treatment she received these many months lengthened her life."

The room was tense, charged with drama. The men were cognisant now of the duel going on in the room, nor were they unaware of Lucien Whitney's interest in it.

"Possibly," the old man said, "possibly. But wasn't it an unusual procedure to subject the woman to routine treatment for tuberculosis?" He laughed deprecatingly. "I may be wrong, but it seems to me that I remember Dr. Clay once saying—I knew him rather well—I remember Dr. Clay saying that even when general tuberculosis is present it is unsafe to subject the Addison patient to cold air."

HE paused a moment, then continued, even more deprecatingly. "Of course, I am not a physician. I understand that Dr. Prescott gave the orders in this case. Naturally, I don't mean to imply that Dr. Prescott was negligent, but . . ."

Tom flushed a brick-red in an effort to keep his temper. He started to speak, but Hogarth forestalled him.

"But that is . . ."

Tom did not desist, however, and interrupted: "Dr. Prescott is not on trial here, as I understand it, Dr. Hogarth. I suggest that this discussion be discontinued. Any orders that come from my department I am perfectly happy to accept responsibility for. Indeed, I insist. To the proper committee, of course."

Hogarth's eyes were no longer baby-blue. They glinted with fire. "You are right, Dr. Prescott is not on trial," he said curtly, taking his professional life at the hospital in his hand quite knowingly.

"Thank you, Dr. Hogarth," Kay said, grinning a little in admiration of his courageous plunge into Lucien's disfavor. "And Dr. Andrews. If you don't mind, however, I think it would be very interesting to have the matter discussed further since it has been introduced."

"That is your wish?"

"Yes, Dr. Hogarth. May I be permitted to say that I did not order Mrs. Keller into the T.B. ward? Nor did Dr. Clay before he went away. We both were aware that cold is not indicated in Addison's. I transferred all Dr. Clay's orders for him. Except this last one. Neither of us had anything to do with that."

The tension in the room increased. Matthews said in a hard voice, "The orders were on the chart. I followed them."

Tom spoke up again: "I think this is a lot of nonsense," he said bluntly, "but if we've got to go on with it, let's do it. Produce the chart. That will settle it."

But Matthews was not dismayed. His face, indeed, was full of vindictive triumph. "That is impossible."

Please turn to page 43



## The hard-pressed man of middle-age

The middle-aged man faced with the necessity of working harder than ever at a time of life when his natural inclination is to relax, sometimes feels the need of a spur to urge him along the path of duty.

There is a spur for such a man which can be used at will, for short or long periods as circumstances demand or the results dictate. While it does not goad the faculties into immediate and abnormal activity, neither is its use succeeded by a state of reaction. Rather it imparts an increasing impetus, not only to the faculties, but to the functioning of the whole constitution of such a man. He begins to feel keener, more vigorous and alive. Therefore, to call 'Phyllosan' a spur is hardly to do it justice. It has been more aptly said that 'Phyllosan' is "more than a tonic, it actually prolongs the prime of life."

**PHYLLOSAN**  
helps to keep you fit after forty

'Phyllosan' tablets are obtainable of all Chemists and Stores  
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MAKE a necklet for your plain frock. Effect is charming.



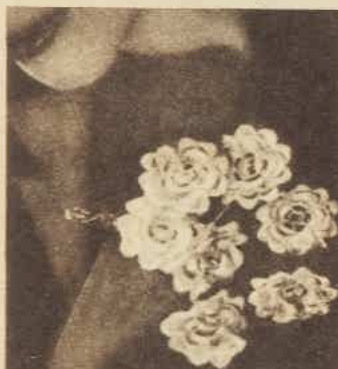
SEVEN to outline one large rever. Very smart, especially white roses on navy or black.



TRAIL six down your up-swept hair. Or pin one or two in front of coiffure.

Roses  
all the  
way

- Make yourself a bunch of these pretty little crochet cotton roses and use them to smarten your dresses, your hats, and glamorise your hair-do.



A GAY BUTTONHOLE for your suit.

THE pictures on this page show you five different ways of using these crochet roses. But you can combine and use them in the ways you like best.

Using the size 5 crochet hook and embroidery cotton suggested here, each little rose measures 1 1/2 in. across, but you could make them larger by using thicker thread or a bigger hook.

Each flower has a background of petals and then two inner rings of raised petals. With stalks made of fine wire and wound, round with green silk, you can convert your flowers into a buttonhole, by stabbing one end of the wire through centre of rose and bending it back.

Or you can crochet a fine chain and stitch the heart of each flower to the chain to make a necklet to brighten a dull frock. If you are using them as cuffs catch the outer petals lightly to your frock with big stitches so that the trimming can be easily removed for washing. Or if you have some press studs, sew one half to your frock and the other to the centre back of each flower, so that they can easily be unclipped for washing.

**Materials.**—Nearly 2 skeins of embroidery silk in rose-pink (or white) and 1 in green will make 7 roses. A No. 5 steel crochet hook was used for the working; also some millinery wire.

**Abbreviations.**—Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; h.tr., half treble; tr., treble; d.tr., double treble; sl-st., slip-stitch; rep., repeat; ins., inches; beg., beginning.

**Begin in the centre.** Make 5 ch., then join into a ring with a sl-st.

**1st Round:** 3 ch. (to count as the first tr.), then 14 tr. into the ring and join to top of 3 ch. at beg.

**2nd Round:** \* 5 ch., miss 2 tr., 1 d.c. into next tr.; rep. from \* all round (5 loops of 5 ch.).

**3rd Round:** Into each loop work as follows: 1 d.c., 2 h.tr., 2 tr., 2 d.tr., 2 tr., 2 h.tr., 1 d.c.; rep. all round and join with a sl-st. to first d.c.

**4th Round:** \* 7 ch., then work 1 sl-st. between the next 2 petals; rep. from \* all round.

**5th Round:** Into each loop work as follows: 1 d.c., 2 h.tr., 3 tr., 3 d.tr., 3 tr., 2 h.tr., 1 d.c., and join with a sl-st. to first d.c.

**6th Round:** \* 5 ch., then sl-st. to back of 2nd d.tr. of last row, 5 ch., sl-st. between next 2 petals rep. from \* all round, finishing by joining with a sl-st.

**7th Round:** Rep. 3rd round into each loop, join with a sl-st., and cut silk.

## BANISH Unightly Charm-Destroying HAIR



Modern frocks, swim suits demand under arms and legs free from hair. For a clear complexion, superfluous hair must be removed. Le Charme Hair Remover positively removes unwanted hair; destroys the roots for good; leaves skin clear and smooth. Odorless, harmless, painless. 7/6

**Le Charme**  
PERMANENT HAIR REMOVER

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If your dog's coat is dull or loose—if he is listless or won't eat—give him BARKO Condition Powder. Scratching is often a sign of Eczema. Give BARKO Condition Powder and you'll see BARKO's effect on the skin.

**BARKO**  
Condition Powder  
1 & ALL CHEMISTS



Executioner as Dentist. In the sixteenth century the State executioner extracted teeth as a sideline. He only charged a small fee.

Ask  
for  
Kolyos

This will  
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Helen of Troy knew all about Kolyos. You see, Kolyos is an old Greek word meaning "disease preventer". Let Kolyos Dental Cream give your smile that Helen of Troy glamour. Just brush your teeth with Kolyos in front of a mirror. You bet you'll see new lustre and brilliance.



Have men  
more teeth than women?  
Old Aristotle started that furore, and everyone believed him till the early nineteenth century, when someone had the bright idea of counting the teeth. But it wasn't until the twentieth century that people found out about Kolyos.

Elephants' molars move forward in the jaw as they wear—and eventually fall out.

**DO YOU KNOW** how much Kolyos you need to clean every tooth in your head? Just half an inch on a dry brush. Kolyos goes further—much further. Kolyos has been awarded the Gold Seal of the London Institute of Hygiene for consistent purity and quality.



# British Chief



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THAT SERVES WITH THE COLOURS

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When Coughs and Colds are prevalent you can confidently rely upon...

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Keep on buying War Savings Certificates and 1/- National Savings Stamps.

W. G. HEARNE & CO. PTY. LTD.  
GEELONG & SYDNEY.







No wonder this baby Panda looks sad! This was taken when he lived in the Berlin Zoo, and that couldn't be much fun for any Panda!



Ming, the giant Panda at the London Zoo, is being helpful by giving a hand with the broom while friend keeper cleans out his cage.



This Panda pretends he isn't interested in being photographed, but it's easy to see he's showing off his black-and-white side markings.



It's Christmas time at Whipsnade Zoo, and this Panda is trying to find out just what Father Christmas left in the foot of his stocking.

Although the Panda is a novelty to Australians, everyone here knows just how good Mynor Fruit Cup is. They know that Fruit Cup gets its delicious flavour from fresh, sun-ripened fruit and that it is a perfectly balanced blend of the juices of Oranges, Lemons, Passionfruit and Pineapples. That is why the men of the Fighting Forces need it for health's sake in tropical climates.



Believe it or not, this is a real, live Panda! This rare and delightful animal comes from the bamboo-clad mountains of China and was first discovered in 1800. But it was only during the last few years that the people of England and America were able to see the Giant Panda in their own zoos.

Mynor thinks it high time Australians got to know this enchanting black-and-white caricature of an animal so here he is . . . with all the lovable characteristics of our own Koala Bear, but instead of eucalyptus, he eats bamboo shoots. The Panda's as friendly as can be and that's why the thousands of children who go to Whipsnade Zoo, just outside London, spend hours watching his tricks.

Because children everywhere like him so much, the makers of Mynor Pure Fruit Juices have decided to adopt him as their own.

# MYNOR FRUIT CUP

PANDER TO YOUR PALATE WITH MYNOR FRUIT CUP



## New Under-arm Cream Deodorant safely Stops Perspiration



1. Does not rot dresses—does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
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ARRID is the latest selling deodorant. Try a jar today!

### ARRID

2/- a jar

All chemists & stores selling toilet goods. Distributors: Parrett & Johnson Ltd. Sydney

## Hairdresser Gives Advice on Grey Hair

Tells How to Make a Home-Made Grey Hair Remedy

Miss Diana Manners, who has been a hairdresser in Sydney for the past ten years, gives this advice:—"There is nothing to equal the remedy for grey hair made up from a small box of Orlex Compound, mixed with a half-pint of water and a little perfume. Any chemist can supply these ingredients at a small cost and the mixing is so easy you can do it yourself and save the extra expense. "By combing this liquid through grey hair you can turn it any shade you like, black, brown, or light brown, besides making it glossy and fluffy and free from itchy dandruff. It is perfectly harmless, free from stickiness, grease or gum, and does not rub off. It should make any grey-haired person more youthful in appearance."

## WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should give out two pounds of liquid bile daily or your food doesn't digest. You suffer from wind. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel irritable, tired and weary and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. You must get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile working and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in keeping you fit.

Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbly refuse anything else. 1/2 \*\*\*

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Rock, Slide or Slip?

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## TOM

frowned. "Why is it impossible, Dr. Matthews?" he demanded.

"Because," Matthews said distinctly, "the charts have disappeared." He added: "I went to the chart room to get them as soon as I returned to the hospital this afternoon. They are gone." He coughed. "In my absence."

There was an audible gasp of astonishment.

"Isn't that . . . ?" Lucien Whitney cleared his throat. "Isn't that a little . . . well, shall we say unusual? Not irregular, of course, but a bit unusual?"

"Unusual!" Hogarth was furious. "That, sir, simply doesn't happen in a hospital. It simply doesn't happen."

"It has happened," said Matthews. Tom sat as though turned to stone. Jane spread her hands in a gesture of defeat. Katherine did not stir. She looked at Matthews searchingly.

"Well, then . . . ?" Hogarth, for all his determination, was now clearly at a loss. "Well, then, I don't know that we can . . . ?" He turned to Katherine. "Dr. Prescott, I'm sorry . . ."

"The matter of the charts occurred to me, too, Dr. Hogarth," she said unperturbed. "I went up to see them just before I performed the autopsy on Mrs. Keller. They were gone then."

"We can get the nurse, then, and have her in here," one of the men said angrily. "This is outrageous."

"That also occurred to me, Dr. Carlton," Katherine said. "I found . . . she spoke very clearly and looked directly at Mr. Whitney as she spoke, 'that Nurse Browning and Nurse Morton, who were the nurses in charge of the case, left the hospital yesterday.'"

"Left!"

"Yes," she spoke slowly now, emphasizing each word. "It seems that they very suddenly received most flattering offers of work at the Women's Clinic. But only if they reported immediately. The offers were financially so remunerative that they could not afford to refuse them. They were released, Dr. Matthews, I understand, drove them down."

Lucien Whitney's face was a study in emotion. Everyone knew he owned the Women's Clinic. Every man in the room need only look at him to realise that he hated Katherine with a vicious hatred.

"I don't see, then, that anything is to be done," he said abruptly, gentleness dropping from him as a discarded cloak. "Certainly with this discreditable procedure, Dr. Prescott can expect no further tolerance from the governors and I . . ."

"I am unconcerned, Mr. Whitney, whether I am discredited or not," Katherine said evenly. "I am thinking of Dr. Clay. This research which is involved is important to him. The orders in the case, as everyone knows, were under the special procedure that research cases entail. They were his. He never gave that order."

As she spoke she leaned past Tom to get a brief-case she had put on a vacant chair when she first came into the room. She drew the zipper and folded back the outer cover. She took out a sheaf of papers. She selected one from the pile.

"As most of you know," she said, "I have been reporting on these cases weekly to Dr. Clay, since he is

## Dr. Clay's Wife

Continued from page 40

engaged on similar research for the Army."

"I don't see what that has to do with this," Matthews said.

Hogarth interrupted him. "Dr. Prescott has the floor," he snapped. "Please proceed, Dr. Prescott."

"I soon saw that it would be simpler to forward Dr. Clay an actual copy of the charts, together with a short resume. Because I was so busy with the experimental routine which I had been overseeing, together with my own work, I asked the nurses to insert a duplicate chart and a piece of carbon paper under each original as it was clamped to the board. This was done—is still being done—in all Addison cases. I send for the duplicate early every morning."

"Fortunately I got the last one very early yesterday morning when I came to the hospital, apparently before or very soon after Mrs. Keller was transferred."

"This is a waste of . . . ?" Lucien Whitney began.

"Shush!" someone said fiercely. He subsided, apparently surprised to be shushed for the first time in his life.

"Unfortunately," Katherine continued, "we were busy in the laboratory, and I did not get a chance to look it over until later in the day. Of course, it would not occur to whoever removed the original that the duplicate was already in my possession. Would you care to examine it, Dr. Hogarth?"

MATTHEWS sprang to his feet. His face was scarlet, his small eyes were those of a trapped ferret. Lucien Whitney sat so still he might have been carved from wax.

"Give that to me," Matthews shouted. "If you dare . . ."

Hogarth turned on him the awful force of his wrath.

"Sit down, Matthews, before I make you do it," he said in a cold voice that was worse than his most bellicose thunder. Then his tone changed as he turned to Kay.

"I only regret," he said, "that you have been put to this . . . this inconvenience." His infection said that she had been put to an unforgivable outrage. "If you please, Dr. Prescott." He adjusted his glasses, taking the paper from her.

He studied the chart in silence. Every man in the room leaned forward. He took his glasses and returned them to the case he held in his hand. He snapped it shut, tucked the case in his pocket.

"I find, gentlemen, no orders for a transfer to T.B. for Mrs. Keller. Not in Dr. Prescott's handwriting, that is. I do find here, however, the orders for such a transfer. They are made in the script writing affected by Dr. Matthews and are initialed by him."

His tone was very dry as he added, "I think, gentlemen, that this settles this present issue. Unless you have something to say, Dr. Matthews?"

"I—I—" Matthews started to bluster, but was downed by hostile jeers from the rest of the men. He shook his head. "I suppose—I suppose I was mistaken. I forgot—"

"I suggest that both Dr. Clay and Dr. Prescott receive our vote of utmost confidence," Jane said. "I, for one, feel that we owe them that after this . . . this debacle."

"And I suggest that we also approve further support of the research with our vote of confidence," Dr. Emerson added warmly.

Affirmation was so obvious that Hogarth nodded in satisfaction. "I think our feeling is evident," he said. "However, we will put it to a vote."

When that was over he said, "Now then, Dr. Matthews, it is scarcely possible to let this drop. It is too . . ."

"If I may interrupt, Dr. Hogarth," Tom said in an easy-going drawl that covered steel. "I suggest that the whole thing be referred to the committee on ethics." They all knew he was a member of that committee.

"Dr. Matthews has every right to be heard, of course. Indeed, he must be heard. I propose that this be thoroughly investigated and the proper steps taken."

Matthews looked ill. His day was done at the hospital, and he knew

it. Not even Lucien Whitney could save him now.

"I concur," Hogarth replied. "That will relieve us of further unpleasantness here this evening. Our apologies, Dr. Prescott, for this unseemly performance. I think that is all, gentlemen."

"Not quite all, Dr. Hogarth," Katherine said crisply, to hide the reaction she was beginning to feel. "I should like—with every regret—to tender my resignation from the staff here."

The shock Hogarth felt was mirrored by every face in the room, including the old man in the wheel-chair. Tom made an audible protest. Jane alone looked as though she understood.

"Oh, please, Dr. Prescott," Dr. Hogarth said, pained, "we realise what you've been through this evening, but we assure you . . ."

"Thank you. Thank you all very much. I do wish to make it perfectly clear that my resignation has nothing to do with this evening. I have been considering it for some time. Dr. Clay's absence does make a difference . . . ?" They all were thinking that she wanted to be free to go to David. Well, let them. "So, if you will be so good . . ."

Hogarth said promptly, "We will talk of this again."

"That is kind of you," Kay said. "but I shan't change my mind. It is really a personal matter entirely."

She had had all she could bear. She got up and walked quite steadily out of the room, a proud little smile on her lips.

Jane followed her. "Kay! Kay, wait a minute."

Eunice Williams came out of the sun-room at the sound of her voice. "Is my grandfather nearly ready, Dr. Lester?" she asked Jane. Gone was the conscious sweetness which usually colored her infection. Her eyes were cold as they searched Kay's face.

"I should think that he has tried enough for one evening," Jane said deliberately. "He ought to have finished."

She ignored Eunice and turned to Kay. "Kay, darling, why did you resign? Why be silly? You played straight into their hands."

Kay saw the expression of satisfaction, of victory, set itself in Eunice's face. She was reeling with weariness, with nausea, and it was almost more than she could do to marshal her almost spent forces again, but she managed it.

"Oh, I thought you had guessed, Jane. I'm going to have David's child, that's why."

With that she walked steadily on down the passage without a backward glance at Eunice, from whose face the amugress had been extinguished as a light is blown out.

To be continued



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